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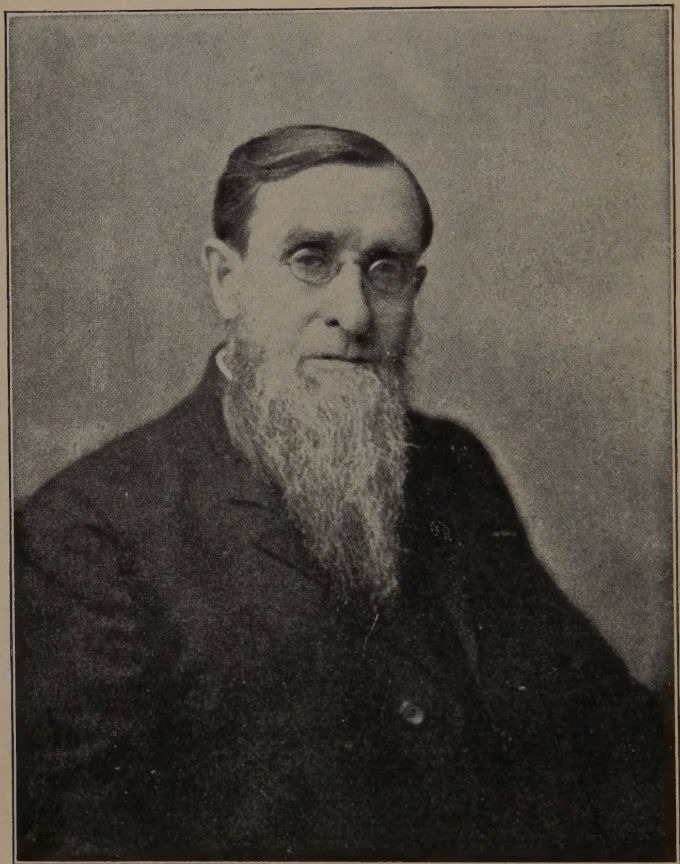
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BIOGRAPHY

of

Rev. Nicholas Castle, D.D.

Twenty-third Bishop

United Brethren in Christ

WILLIAM M. BELL, D.D., LL.D.

Senior Bishop

United Brethren in Christ

Theology Library



SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
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INTRODUCTION

What is biography? Only on the face of it is this an easy question. All the other forms of literature have been more fully treated by the critics. Each biographer has had his own conception and worked it out as best he could. However, even an effort in definition clears the thought processes. Plutarch conceived the writing of biography as "writing the lives of famous persons," or "comparing the lives of the greatest men with one another." When in 1683 John Dryden set the word biography within the English language he defined it as "the history of particular men's lives." The thought that biography is the history of one life is helpful but it is not easy to determine just what in the life shall constitute the history. We all frequently refer to the life of individuals whom we have known and the term is so common we infer that every one knows what it means. It is true that probably in no standard sense is any one quite clear on the item. The wish for biography evidently grows out of our desire to make comparatively permanent the memory of a life. The richer the life the more ardently we wish for its continuity. Death in a way ends the continuity and we make our studied efforts to cause what death does to be partly inoperative. The human mind will never

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escape its passion for memorial. It sweeps through the centuries with an unvarying insistence. Intuitively we come to feel that the achievements, spirit, and character of certain persons are so worthily great that, though the body perishes, we refuse to death any full or final sovereignty over the object of our love and admiration. By his inescapable greatness man forever defies the sway of "Time's fell hand." Our deepest heart says "Keep up the fight," for in due course God will give the eternal victory. With the multitudes who knew him, the going out of this world of Bishop Castle was a real calamity. We who knew him most intimately, wished he might remain at least as long as we should be called on to remain within the range of earthly changes. He is forever enshrined in eternal love, and life is poorer and more baffling with him away. It is therefore not only as a memorial to a departed friend that this volume is produced but it is an expression of interest in ourselves as well. The man whose life shall be in part engrossed in this book was so much needed as an earthly asset that we will by this token undertake to hold him fast. The deeds of this man were not more essentially great than the deep hidden spirit by which all his deeds were prompted and made possible. His life functioned in great deeds, but such was the majestic purity and inner quality of his life that the smallest acts of every day were glorified into essential greatness. Human beings often appear greater after they are gone and the man whose life is sketched here is no exception to the rule. His deep modesty

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always clothed his greatness so that it was not so readily in evidence. To the thoughtful and those granted intimacy it was disclosed in sweet fragrance. Such was the genuineness of Bishop Castle's character that if met but once the impression was unfading. Even here in the Eastern area where the bishop was only occasionally a visitor, the writer has been gratified to find repeated evidences of the unfailing certainty with which the good man registered in remarkable impressiveness and permanency. Once seen and heard never forgotten. Recently in connection with a lecture engagement in a mountain town 50 miles north of Harrisburg, an aged man came with the story of the taking of the bishop on his engine out to Harrisburg, to make an important connection, and in referring to the fact of this unusual contact he referred to the bishop as "that saintly man." There was a quiver in his voice as he recited the story of rare fellowship and Christian conversation. The writer would make this small volume a shrine in which a great man might abide with us still.

W. M. B.

TO BISHOP CASTLE

They say that you are growing old!

I do not know;

I look upon your face and think

It is not so.

I see behind the mask of clay

Eternal youth,

The angel of the Lord is there,

The angel truth.

Who lives to self shall die at best

Death is the sign;

But immortality is love,

And love is thine.

The house may, cumbered by decay,

In ruins lie;

The undefiled, the holy life,

Can never die.

And you have kept in all the years

The stainless truth,

Though white the head, the spirit shines

In endless youth.

So memory walks the years behind,

And hope before,

And joy is clasped between the two

Forevermore.

From age to youth, for time is old,

As is the sun—

But life's eternal, nightless day

Is just begun.

So past the snowflakes on the head,

The wrinkled hand,

I push the bolts, and face the face

With angels stand.

And one is truth, and one is love,

Two angels fair;

And where they bide, eternal youth

Shall center there.

Though time may die, and dust is dust,

But yet, serene,

The living branch shall hold the vine,

Forever green.

Though men forget in darkness blind,

The soul can see

That youth shall crown the slopes of times

Eternity.

W. Lomax Childress.

CHAPTER I.

Ancestry and Early Life.

All human life beginnings have features of great similarity. However, in particular instances there are aspects of marked and distinguishing interest. When desirable distinctions appear in a human life and personality, it is befitting that such distinctions be observed, with a view to securing in the oncoming generation, at least equally notable and worthy features. The record of any human excellence is calculated to create interest and desire for its reproduction in those who observe the record. Hence biography.

The available records locate the Castle family first in Ontario County, New York, where Nathan Castle and wife, the grandparents of Nicholas Castle, lived and died. The grandfather died in 1825 at the age of sixty-five. William Castle, a son of Nathan Castle, was born in Ontario County, New York, April 9, 1796. He was married to Miss Harriet Van Brunt in 1821. Miss Van Brunt was born in Ontario County, New York, January 6, 1804. Soon after marriage these interesting people removed from Canandaigua, New York, to a residence near Upper Sandusky, Ohio. Feeling the lure of the farther west, a new home was established in 1835 near the village of Bristol, situated a few miles east of Elkhart, Indiana. Here William Castle died in 1839. Ere the father entered upon the other life there were seven sons born into the family of

whom only three grew to maturity. Of the seven sons Nicholas was the youngest and he was born October 4, 1837. The Bishop's mother was always frail of body and the days of her widowhood were difficult, being filled with privations incident to living in a new country where abstemiousness was the rule. Mrs. Castle was of high moral character, with a deep reverence for religion and the Church. She opened her home to church services before the community afforded a house for public worship and extended the hospitality of her modest home to the United Brethren ministers when they came to conduct public worship. These ministers made a deep impression on the subject of this biography so that from his earliest childhood he was inclined to be a Christian. The direct personal influence of these ministers was strengthened by the hours of simple but very genuine public worship. It is worthy of note that the earnest type of evangelistic piety and church life that was characteristic of those days in all northern Indiana, and southern Michigan, is logically related to the deeply evangelical and spiritual life exemplified in Bishop Castle. Not only were the ministers aflame with evangelistic passion but the lay members of the Church were active in the public meetings. The public witnessing to the Christian experience by the individual Christians added a thrilling and powerful supplement to the public preaching of the Word.

To the cabin home and the devoted mother who served there the Bishop pays tribute in these words: "How dear and cherished the memory of that old

log structure where mother lived. She was the queen in that rude doorway. Poverty reigned all around, but mother lived within; this made it a palace." Nicholas very early in his youth became accustomed to all sorts of farm work. In the log school house he was able to secure three months of schooling each year. This very limited privilege he greatly prized. The books for reading were few indeed. This dearth he regretted for his mind was hungry. He had a copy of the Bible and from his earliest recollection he read it constantly, and revered it as the Word of God. Now came the greatest shock that could possibly come into the life of a struggling boy. On a hazy autumn day he was summoned to the bedside of his mother and by her asked to go quickly to the home of a neighbor and beseech the hurried visit of the woman friend. Soon after the woman came he was told his mother was dying. A man of prayer was soon at hand. Prayers were offered and hymns were sung with resultant peace. Just at nightfall, October 22, 1850, the spirit of his loving mother took flight and Nicholas was left an orphan in the world. His eldest brother took him into his modest home and treated him kindly. By the time he was fourteen his brother died leaving him again homeless in the world. He passed through days of indescribable sorrow and frequently wished he might go right away to be with his glorified mother. For a period the boy worked from place to place wherever employment was to be had. It so occurred that a Mr. Frizzell opened his home to him under a proposal of two years employment. The youth was to

have clothes, boarding, three months schooling each year, with twenty dollars cash at the end of the two years. The arrangement was so mutually satisfactory that the period was extended by five years.

Since Christ lighteneth every one coming into the world, it appears certain that all children are impressed as to the Christian life. All children are moved upon by the Holy Spirit as to Christ and the moral character that follows a careful discipleship to Him. In the case of our subject he witnessed that he had distinct religious impressions in his sixth year. When he was eight years of age he made a timid but earnest profession of religion. No adapted nurture being given to this earliest expression of his interest in the Christian life, he reached the conclusion later, that this imperfect effort and committal was not his full conversion. During this period he often spoke, with great profit to himself, in the experience meetings of the church, as older Christians did. The care and direction of children during these early expressions of interest in Christ, was overlooked by the Church in those days more than at the present time. Even now, adult Christians and the organized Church fail measurably in recognizing the unfailing ministry of the Holy Spirit in the souls of the children. Be it ours to cooperate with Him in nourishing the Christian experience in the young. In the case of the Bishop, he shall again speak for himself: "Deaths, removals, declensions, soon so reduced the little society that there was not a sufficient number remaining to keep up an organization. This left me to drift away, and for the period of some ten years

I increased the moral distance between my soul and God. They were years of great perturbations, which left no element of rest or security. I never passed through a revival meeting without being more or less striven with by the Spirit, but I strove with my Maker, and so prolonged the delay of the gift of my heart to Him. Just before I yielded I had a hard struggle with my convictions which rose to almost an unconquerable height." Meantime Rev. S. W. Chapman a United Brethren minister, began a protracted meeting in the schoolhouse near which young Castle lived. Of this meeting and his relation to it Bishop Castle left witness in these words: "I said to God and a troubled conscience, 'I'll become religious at that meeting.' A new trouble arose. Mr. Frizzell was in my way. I saw all that was inconsistent in his life. I would not be pressed, and yet I desired nothing so much as to go. But I would never gratify the man against whom my feeling rose with such vehemence by starting in his presence. (Mr. Frizzell was at times a very passionate and unjust man). But just then Mr. Frizzell was summoned to appear in court. I had no other plea for delay. I told a classmate, a Christian young man, that if he would go with me to the meeting that night I would make a start. We went to the service and after the sermon they sang a closing hymn, during which singing, requests for prayer might be made by rising. This was my last chance for redeeming my word; this I felt must be done. But what a struggle! I waited until they began singing the last stanza; the first two lines

were sung and still I delayed. What an awful suspense! I thought I could not lift myself from my seat. It appeared to me I had a ton's weight upon me. But the supreme moment came. In a sort of desperation I sprang to my feet. What a sound greeted me? It appeared to me as though the singing increased to the reverberations of thunder. The death like spell was broken. I had committed myself to a line of action from which there must be no retreat. Having put my hand to the plow there must be no looking back. The meeting closed for the evening and we started on our five mile trip homeward. Arriving at home, a proposition was made that we all join in prayer at the family altar. This seemed a hard proposition to a sinner. But I had committed myself to all the extremes that might come, so I said: 'I'll try.' The young man that had accompanied me to the meeting prayed first, then Mrs. Frizzell, during which time I was praying most ardently but inaudibly, fully persuaded to be the next to lead in prayer. But growing unconsciously earnest, I chanced to utter a word aloud, when quick as an electrical shock a heavenly influence smote me on the head and permeated my whole being. I gave full vent to my feelings in such expressions as only a convert can use. When I arose from that place of prayer and praise it was two o'clock in the morning. All about me were my friends in various attitudes of prayer and praise. That was the brightest, fairest, and sweetest morning that ever dawned upon my soul."

CHAPTER II.

Call to the Ministry.

With this marked conversion came the call to the ministry of which we shall wish the Bishop's own words once more. He says: "I cannot remember a time when I was not impressed with this duty. I seldom if ever heard an evangelical sermon that did not move me to the conviction that the ministry was to be my work. When I was fully converted these convictions deepened and became more authoritative. But, Gideon like, I determined that there should be no dubiousness about this call; so I decided to make it a subject of prayer, daily. This I continued for a period of three months, when the witness came. It came at the place where I was converted—at the family altar. The lady of the house was praying, when suddenly there came upon me the most strange and awful feelings I had ever experienced. It was divinely terrific. I kneeled under its impressive weight, and began groaning like one in awful agony. It *was* agony, but it was tinged with some kind of strange, divine tenderness that hallowed its grinding weight. My groans soon ended the lady's prayer, and brought her inquiringly to my side. She asked me my trouble; whether I was sick. I said, 'No I am not sick.' 'What then?' she asked. I answered straight out, 'God has a work for me to do.' She took in the situation at

once, and responded, 'Yield to the divine will.' I said, 'Lord Thy will be done.' Here my call to the ministry was fully settled. I have not had a doubt from that time to this."

It is clear that one so modest, shrinking, and diffident as Nicholas Castle could not be brought to face the exactions of a ministerial career except under a most profound and overwhelming sense of duty. This sense of duty he required should be well born. In allowing a credential from his deepest Christian consciousness, he yet reached his decision under very definite forebodings because, especially of his scant educational privilege. On this aspect of his life he left record in these weighty words: "I felt that a thorough and systematic education should be the rule and not the exception in the Christian ministry. The grand themes of the Bible, the sublime truth of Christianity, their relation to human conduct and character, to the eternal weal or woe of man and to human history, demand a wide range of reading, and a course of study as thorough as does any profession." Mr. Castle was admitted into the ministerial membership of the Saint Joseph Conference of the United Brethren Church in the fall of 1858 and immediately assigned to a pastoral charge. The Conference then included southern Michigan and northern Indiana and his first charge was the Warsaw Circuit which included a considerable area in three counties of northern Indiana. In addition to this first charge he served Berrien Springs charge in Michigan, Frankfort, Bourbon, and Elkhart, all in Indiana. He was

ordained by Bishop Markwood in 1861. His ministry was immediately fruitful in soul winning and with a devotion to study that was an outstanding life characteristic he rapidly established a reputation for preaching that was phenomenal. Recent investigation of his papers reveals the fact that he literally devoured the dictionary of English words. Page after page of listed and defined words written by his own hand with Latin or Greek derivation noted with great care. His becoming one of the finest linguists any ambitious mind might envy was not by accident but by the most painstaking and persistent effort. Very few men ever set out to secure knowledge with such rare and heroic determination to overcome the handicap of being obliged to enter upon the life calling without college and Seminary training. His application to good books from the beginning of his ministry to the infirmities of age was indeed most unusual. He disciplined his will and husbanded his time by the most careful planning. In all the great areas covered by his parishes his ministry exerted the most far reaching influence. In fuller reference to his call to the ministry we have the following from the Bishop's pen. "There are three mountain peaks that tower aloft in my experience, that have anchored my faith to the unquestioned verity of the Bible as God's Book, and to experience as a registered testimony within to the supernatural, in the begetting and directing of my life as a minister—my conversion, my call to the ministry, and the witness to my consecration. While these experiences are related, one to the

other, yet they are as distinct as the three snow-capped mountains that rise in the clear sunlight to my view far east of my home. To recall the earliest recollections of my childish dreams on the line of the ministry would be difficult definitely to locate. But this I know, that, when about five or six years old, I preached at my mother's door. She was my interested hearer, although I was oblivious to the keen and furtive glances of her eyes as she went about her work. This I learned later. Preaching was very rare in those days in our rural district. Only two ministers that I recall visited our neighborhood, preaching to a little company in a log school-house near my mother's home. The names of those preachers were Babcock and Forbes. I think it was in imitation of these ministers that the sacred impulse that was in my heart took shape at my mother's door. I preached with as much earnestness and sincerity, as a child, as I ever have since I have grown to manhood. My arrangement was for preaching every two weeks, so announcing at the close of each service."

Very early in his ministry the prophetic fire that gave type to all of Bishop Castle's work found expression as follows: "No one can reasonably doubt the importance of preaching as a divinely appointed means of announcing to a lost world the tidings of salvation. As an institution it is both original and authoritative, which peculiarly distinguishes it from all other forms of teaching. Anterior to the establishment of preaching we find Grecian and Roman Eloquence in the highest state of cultivation. The

tribunes, forums, senates, and academies of Greece and Rome resounded with the outbursts of their rapturous and enthusiastic orators. But their field of operation was limited. In the preaching of the Gospel a new and broader era opens for eloquence. Preaching was appointed for the whole world. Its continuity was not to depend upon the caprice of the individual, to be continued or not, as circumstances might seem to dictate. It was not to become obsolete in the lapse of ages. Centuries have rolled away, and the systems of ancient philosophers have perished, but the story of the cross is still published, and thousands of hearts are made to rejoice. Time's prancing steeds and rattling chariot wheels have been driven over thousands of beautiful forms, and man's proudest monuments of greatness have crumbled into ruin, since the days of the 'Man of Sorrows;' but the Christian's temple continues to rise in majestic proportions.

"The importance of the preacher's work is apparent. He goes forth with a subject adapted to all conditions of humanity. There is no nation it may not exalt. There is no soul who does not need the blessings it has to bestow. Philosophy, learning, and human power may fail, but the Gospel proves to be the power of God unto salvation. It reached and awakened sleeping sinners at Athens, Rome, and Jerusalem. As the objects of preaching are peculiar, so are its necessary requisites. Preaching is not simply a mechanical affair. The minister must be spiritual. An unspiritual preacher is a Christless preacher. 'If any man have not the

Spirit of Christ he is none of his.' The minister may talk sapiently, and be master of the most refined logic, capable of grappling with the subtleties of popularized error, and yet fail in accomplishing the work of an evangelist—the awakening of sinners. Thoughts rising in the heart, and shooting from the lips, as if fired by the quenchless flame of God's vitality, will not fail to impress. It is the heart-language that melts and moves. That which made Christ the inimitable preacher—'never man spake as this man spake'—was his success in reaching the heart. He who carries his sermons in his heart, having that heart hot with divine love and goodness and then preaches to the heart of the hearer, will be a wise winner of souls. Sermons may be too formal. There may be more preparation in the study than in the closet. They may be too esthetic, formed and delivered more for taste than for utility. It is possible for the minister to pay more attention to his attributes than his nature.

"The minister must have deep and permanently settled convictions as to the importance of his work. This is essential to his constancy. Ministers, of course, are made of the same material that other men are, and are beset with the same natural infirmities. But it is expected, nevertheless, that they be, not simply the compeers, but the superiors of those who have not been invested with those divine prerogatives that have been conferred upon this divine order of men. That the men of this world should be frequently unsettled in their work is no marvel. They must make the best of this world,

for they have no hope of a better one. But that the minister of Jesus should be found flagging in the path of duty is truly disappointing and regrettable. His life, his work, and his destiny are all peculiar. In the sense of which he is a minister, he is not of this world. Jesus said: 'If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.' His work is not of his own choosing, in the sense in which men elect between one vocation and another. He is not at liberty to doff the ministerial office at will for some other position simply because more ease or wealth lie in that direction.

"God with a man is the best attestation of his call to the ministry. The minister's sermon is in a very important sense, himself. This is to say, the sermon, for moral and spiritual purposes, is never better than he who delivers it. All attempts to preach better than we are, and better than we live, will be but a miserable and mortifying failure. Manner, whatever it may be, will not remedy the failure. The minister is giving the people the Gospel that is in him. In God's science of quantity evolution and involution are equations. We cannot evolve a gospel in the pulpit that was not first involved in our own deepest soul. Sermons are not made in the study during certain specific hours of thought. They are the outcome of life and character. These are not put off and on at will, like the habit or robe worn in the study is put on and off. No man can spring out of himself in five minutes

and minister in holy things to the edification of the Church of God. An unreal man will not be believed. He does not believe himself. In his self-consciousness he knows himself as no other one knows him. A man knows when his spirituality has declined; when he is neglecting prayer; and when he is bargaining for the lightest end of duty. Sermons grow in exact ratio with the inner life. The sermon that melts and moves the church of to-day, began to be formed when the preacher began to take on the elements of a Christian character even to many years ago. Consider how by our genuineness or want of it we are making the sermons for all future time. God keep us fresh and vital, free from blight or spiritual decline. A minister is either an ambassador of God, or a self-seeker. He cannot be both. Sermons are either good, or they are good for nothing; and this is determined by the inner life of the preacher himself."

CHAPTER III.

Home and Family Life.

In June of 1860, Rev. Nicholas Castle was united in marriage to Miss Catharine A. Hummer, a most estimable young woman to whom he was drawn by her quiet amiability, modesty, womanliness, of the sort that finds supreme delight in domestic life. Concerning this gracious woman her husband shall speak. "Her heart never faltered and her lips never complained. No work was ever too hard to perform, no journey ever too long to be undertaken if the cause of Jesus demanded it. She had a brave spirit. Her courage and devotion, her pure and consistent life, were on the lips of all who knew her. But this beautiful life was destined to early decline. Death came on the afternoon of the 27th of April, 1879. Long months of physical weariness dragged by, ere the spotless spirit was released from its prison of clay. But death came at last. The final chill,—the chill that froze the blood in its channels, and that sent a mysterious shudder through the hearts of watchers—crept over the tired and exhausted frame, and put it into a peaceful and moanless sleep." The sacred dust now rests with that of her husband on a beautiful eminence just east of Philomath, Oregon. A daughter and son were given to this marriage and the two are now living, Mrs. Prof. Henry Sheak, of Philomath, Oregon, and Mr. Wm. Castle, of Irrigon, Oregon.

After three years of lonely interval and after much prayer and deliberation, on the night of September 19, 1881, in the United Brethren Church at Sacramento, California, Bishop N. Castle, was united in marriage to Miss Ellen Livingood, of Elkhart, Indiana. At the time of this marriage Miss Livingood was of such age and ideals as to make the union most fitting and helpful to both parties involved. She was brought up in the Church over which her husband had been made an overseer. Her genuine Christian character with her love of and devotion to home life, enabled her to establish a haven for her duty serving husband that was to the end, his heart's delight. This second marriage perpetuated the home life in beautiful Philomath, Oregon, and to this marriage was given a son now known as Prof. Earnest Hall Castle, Superintendent of Public Instruction for Benton County, Oregon. It is a joy to record of Prof. E. H. Castle that because of his natural endowments, his early discipleship to Jesus, his useful membership in the Church of his parents, his application to learning in school and college, his career as a professor in college, his selection and eminent service as County Superintendent of Public Instruction, he was a great joy to his father, as he is now the solace and support of his godly mother.

Bishop Castle's home life has always been ideal to an exceptional degree. Dr. W. R. Funk accompanied by Mrs. Funk visited the Annual Conferences of the Pacific District in 1908. They were guests for a time in the home of Bishop and Mrs. Castle, in Philomath. Our Publisher gave utterance

as follows in our Church press: "No one lives more beautifully in home relations than do those who compose the household of Bishop Castle. Philomath, is a little college town located in a beautiful valley in northwestern Oregon. The town is a quiet, refined place, just such as suits the nature and disposition of the Bishop and Mrs. Castle. Mrs. Funk and I were not there long until we felt the sweetness of the home life manifested by all who form a part of the family. Mr. Earnest Castle, the son, is a professor in Philomath College, and takes a very keen interest in the comfort of father and mother. Bishop Castle is a student, taking into account all the latest thoughts of the day. It was a delight to hear him talk on faith in its relation to the life of the believer. He is a student of nature, and takes great delight in shrub and flower. There is in him that which brings all animal life to love him. Is it any wonder, then that such a man should be adored and loved by those of his own household, respected and esteemed by every one who has come under his ministry of love and the clear interpretation of God's Word?

"The character of this godly man shines out so richly as he reaches the riper years of life. His close fellowship with the good is such an inspiration. He lets the Sun of Righteousness have a chance to shine in his heart, and he seems purer and brighter with each returning year. With his home located on a knoll above the town of Philomath, adjoining that of Prof. and Mrs. Sheak, he has an ideal place in which to experience the sunset of his own life.

He seems as one looking on the scene as it passes before him. If anyone thinks there are long, sad faces about the home of Bishop Castle, he is mistaken. No member of the family is ruggedly strong, physically, and at times both Bishop and Mrs. Castle are broken and weak, but, amid the seasons of affliction, there is a flow of peace and joy that is seldom found in earth life. Laugh, yes, laugh when you go to his home; that's just what you will do—much and often. Joy is the mainspring in this ideal home. Wit and sense find a sweet combination in the good life of our Bishop. Keen and gentle, he may lead you to where the laugh is on you. But you like it just the same. A day in the home of Bishop and Mrs. Castle with children and grandchildren about them is an oasis in the voyage of life. It is a Mecca of sunshine, blessing, and inspiration."

Both of Bishop Castle's marriages were happy Christian consummations. His first in wedlock was a woman of rare spirit and the highest fidelities found home in her character. She who is now his surviving widow is a woman of deepest piety and singleness of heart. Mrs. Bell and the writer were witnesses of the marriage of the Bishop to the surviving Mrs. Castle, in Sacramento, California. Just as the vows were completed, the bells of the Capital City began to toll the sad news of the death of President Garfield, at far away Elberon, on the Atlantic coast. The vows of that night were faithfully kept until death brought the temporary parting, but affection so pure does not end with a grave.

The writer came to know intimately, and appreciate deeply, the home life of Bishop Castle, when he became his pastor at Elkhart, Indiana. Then he was in his fruitful and mighty prime. His home life was simple and elevating. Because of their relation to his Oregon home, he had a peculiar love for the snow capped mountains that constitute the eastern boundaries of the Willamette Valley, and the whole glorious panorama was always in view from his front veranda. His home was at the foot of Mary's Peak and he often remarked that it was his wish to die with these great views at hand, since they reminded him of God and Heaven. His wish was granted. During all the years of secretarial residence in Dayton, Ohio, the Bishop was invariably our home guest during Board meetings, and the aroma of his devotion and conversation lingers with all of our family still. When duty called me as Bishop to the Pacific District this home in Philomath was the writer's home, often for weeks when holding special services in the College Chapel. What days and nights they were! Such delightful hours with the Word and in supplication! His conversation always edifying, pure, stimulating, and heavenly to the exceptional degree. The memory of his benignant face, kindly voice, and love lit eye, causes the writer to welcome his own summons to the other world, as never before, just to find and be with one so gracious and so seriously missed.

The Bishop's home was ever extending hospitality. This hospitality was not only to the casual guest, but to students who but for this generosity

could never have had the advantages of the college. One man now prominent in the service of our Church who was housed for months in this home declares that he was not there long until the seasons of family worship had so laid hold on him that he would rather miss the morning meal than miss the morning prayers. Those of us who have been in this unforgettable home will understand how this could all be. The Bishop carried the atmosphere of his home into all his journeys. It was the writer's happy lot to travel with him continent wide, and he witnesses to the unfailing uniformity and purity of the great man's life under every exigency of travel. A great home gives unfailing sanctity to a great life. Blessed be the sovereignties of such a Christian home for they stretch into all eternity.

When Bishop Castle was in his sixtieth year he visited the scene of his childhood home near Bristol, Indiana, and he shall speak again as he only can speak the message of home love and tenderest memories. "It is with a strangely pleasing melancholy that I turn my eyes, now that the curfew is near to ringing, and the valleys grow sunless, toward the purple and crimson skies that ushered in and draped with splendor the rising day of nearly sixty years ago. It is, possibly, fairly presumptuous in me to think that others would care to listen to the voices so certainly speaking to but one, but here, as elsewhere, the world is kindred, so there may be the articulate to another of what had passed beneath Lethean waters. It was toward the waning days of a departed summer, when a fairly tropical

sun lay on all the landscape, that I paid a visit, with a ministerial friend, to the place of my birth and childhood. It may not be wondered at that something of the pensive stole across the heart as the eye caught sight of the desolation that Time's relentless hand had wrought, since the feet turned away, forty-five years ago, on a tearstained path from a once happy but now ill-fated home. Mother was dead! How changed from then! True, there is the broad field, the narrow, boggy meadow, the sedgy pond, something of the greenwood beyond, and further on still the nestling lakelet—childhood's inland sea. But all else, how changed! Even these are not as then. The fences have a different order, the pond has turned to vegetable mold, the meadow is mostly agricultural, the woods are largely despoiled and the lake has generously yielded its waters to earth and sun, and so lies in a nutshell. The primitive home,—the old log house in which mother lived and wrought in poverty, mourned the bereavement of husband, father, and four sons, found the Lord in the last hour of life, and from which she went to the nightless city—has long since yielded to the despoiler's hands, whose greed has grudged even a heel tap, to keep with fresher green the paths of the now distant days. But in spite of this vandalism, there rises out of and ulterior to it memories that make sweet such a return as this. There a child lived and loved a mother, and was loved in return. The old-fashioned ladder, the low rafters, near and beneath which we slept, the broad flaring fireplace, the wheel, the reel and loom, the

pioneer well sweep, the marsh marigolds and osier that grew near by, all hold memories that time can never dim.

"The old log schoolhouse, with its rude seats and desks, its teachers and their pupils, its hand slappings and back welterings, its meetings and spelling schools, rise to view out of a very Sahara. Here were gotten the first abiding hints of ignorance, and herein and in mother's rustic home we heard the first messages of grace from the lips of United Brethren ministers. Here the first conscious awakening to the Christian life occurred, out of which grew a feeble effort to lead such a life. But, oh! such helps compared with these days. Had my young life had the social and spiritual atmosphere of the last decade I likely would not have drifted through a decade of irreligion and heart-agitation. I would doubtless have been in the active ministry early in my teens; for I was a minister from earliest childhood.

"In looking back to those early school days, less than half a dozen names are recalled of those who were in attendance then, who are now known to be living. My life was likely the feeblest one of all, but has survived the departure of the greater number. How the thought lifts my heart to God! It was a stranger who met me amid such sacred memories. His heart seemed so cold and unresponsive, while mine was bursting with emotion. To his vision arose no invalid mother, no little unmarked graves where sleep four infant brothers, one a twin brother, no elder brother (my guardian

when mother was gone) dying after only two days of sickness, no departure of an older and then only surviving brother for California, whose face will never more be seen in time, no wandering footsteps in quest of food and shelter—a home—all only too real to me.

“The rural cemetery, just across the line in Michigan, where father, mother, brothers, and other relatives sleep, is almost in desolation. Mercenary hands have trenched upon the sacred enclosure, so that the foot of agriculture doubtless tramples on the graves that were made forty, fifty, and sixty years ago. The old sexton is long gone, and there is now no one to tell the place where kindred sleep. Did I know, a stone would mark their resting place. As it is, they must sleep on in this neglect and oblivion. Hard was the fate through which they traveled to reach the goal. Their days were clouds, and storms, and battles. I have had it better. The Church has been my mother. I am a thousand fold indebted to her. I shall so die.

“And now from this desolation I sadly turn. My feet may never bear me here again. I ask not, dear kindred—dear father, and mother, and brothers—to be laid by you in this forlorn and neglected place. I turn my back upon, but not my memory from you. Sleep on! Homecoming will be bye and bye! ‘We live, we die. Blessed are they to whom dying is living.’ The Bishop lived more than twenty years after paying this visit and penning the above lines, but the sweetness of his reverie abides forever.



The Castle Family Group

CHAPTER IV.

Ministerial Career.

Just the briefest reference to outstanding events will serve to open the chapter upon which we now enter. Nicholas Castle was licensed to exhort August 2, 1856; licensed to preach in the following year; admitted to the St. Joseph Annual Conference of the United Brethren Church, at Roanoke, Indiana, in September, 1858; ordained October, 1861. Served the following charges in the order named: Warsaw Circuit, one year as junior preacher; Berrien Springs, Michigan, one year; Frankfort, Indiana, three years; Berrien Springs, one year; Bourbon, Indiana, one year, presiding elder, three years; Elkhart, Indiana, circuit, one year; presiding elder, six years; elected Bishop at General Conference in Westfield, Illinois, May, 1877, and assigned to the Pacific Coast District; reelected as Bishop at General Conference, held in Lisbon, Iowa, May, 1881, and reassigned to the Pacific Coast; reelected as Bishop at General Conference held in Fostoria, Ohio, May, 1885; and assigned to West District, immediately east of the Rocky Mountains; reelected in subsequent General Conferences and serving various areas, until at the General Conference held in Topeka, Kansas, May, 1905, at which time in compliance with his own earnest request, he was granted retirement, and given the relation of Bishop Emeritus, in which relation he lived until his death April 18, 1922.

The ministry of Bishop Castle invariably resulted in fruitful revivals. Two of these gracious occasions he has described frequently, for he loved to witness the kindling interest, that accompanied the recital of the divine visitations. He has left an abbreviated record which we will reproduce. "I recall with special pleasure the revival at Simons Church, northwest of Roanoke, Indiana. Meeting had been going on for some time without any open commitment. It was Sunday morning. My theme was arranged. It was a call for decision, and the text was: 'Who is on the Lord's side, let him come unto me? And there gathered unto him the sons of Levi.' During the walk of two miles to the church, the thought came to me, to make the scene real. So in closing I called on all the Christians to mass in the front end of the church, on the platform and around the pulpit. No sooner said than such a scene as I had never witnessed ensued. People came as if in great stress. I called attention to the scene of the division, and what it would finally mean if continued. I then made a call for all who would like to be on this side to come. Then there was another scene. Urgency was in the manner, so intent were they on being on the right side with their friends. One old man fled from the church, pale and in seeming great fear. When the call was made at night, for a decision by coming to the altar, just forty penitents rushed to the penitent seat, and among them some of the most influential people of the community. One meeting was an all night

meeting, a company of us going from the church after daylight."

The other meeting of special significance was held in Philomath, Oregon. The church was run down in its spiritual tone and the Bishop felt that something unusual must be done. He resolved to hold the church on the line of the power and work of the Holy Spirit for a period of two weeks. This plan was carried out within two nights. His purpose was challenged slightly, as to wasting so much time with the church, and not preaching to sinners. He turned the direction of the meetings by preaching from the text, "Come, for all things are now ready." Immediately with the giving of the invitation, the first during the services, thirty unconverted persons came to the altar as penitents, among them his own son. The Bishop felt deeply that the fruitfulness of this meeting came about especially by exalting the presence and ministry of the Holy Spirit.

Bishop Castle's career enforces the carrying power of high fidelities and homely virtues. He was of nature and cultivation a deeply modest man. There was no posing in his modesty but it was a life long quality growing more marked with the years. His preferment in any way was something of a test to him all through his ministry. In his connection with the work of his Annual Conference, he was never a place seeker, but accepted to the full, the spirit and letter of the itinerant system. Maggie Thompson Elliott writes as follows: "I first met Bishop Castle at the General Conference that made him a Bishop, and which was held at Westfield,

Illinois. I was from an Indiana Conference and Rev. Castle was from the Saint Joseph Conference. We had become slightly acquainted during the days of the Conference, but in the confusions I had not learned his name; merely that he was a minister from the above Conference. One afternoon it was announced that Brother Castle of St. Joseph Conference would preach that night. At the close of the session, as I greeted him, I said, 'You have the honor of having a man from your Conference preach tonight.' His reply was, 'Yes,' with no further disclosure. What was my surprise that evening upon entering the church to see my friend seated in the pulpit with Bible in hand. I then knew he was Rev. Castle of Saint Joseph Conference. Later in the Conference, votes were being cast for Bishop, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Bishop Edwards. I was seated directly back of Brother Castle, and how well I recall that when it was announced that N. Castle was elected Bishop, he bowed his head on the pew in front of him in the most unmistakable humility."

Dr. J. H. Snyder was pastor at Westfield, Illinois, at the time when the General Conference was in session. He writes: "I was pastor at Westfield, Illinois, in 1877, when the General Conference was held there. I was sitting in the gallery with Doctors Allen and Thompson. We were observing the election of Bishops, and noticed the trend in the direction of Brother Castle. As the vote was evidently pointing in the direction of his election, he hung his head, and wiped the gathering perspira-

tion from his face. At the adjournment for dinner I met and congratulated the new Bishop in the hall. He replied, 'If it be of the Lord.' The next day all the Bishops were guests in my home for dinner. After they had departed for the afternoon session I found a paper which Bishop Glossbrenner had dropped. It was a letter to the General Conference from Bishop Castle, declining the honor which had been conferred upon him. Evidently, in their council, they had persuaded Brother Castle to accept the office, and so, the paper was never presented to the body. Many, many, years the good Bishop lived to honor the Church and to serve in its various official relations. We were often associated in my home; in the Conference room, and elsewhere. My heart and memory hold very sacred those relations."

After twenty years in the bishopric our press offered the following appraisal to the public: "After the death of the lamented Bishop Edwards the question arose, 'Who will take his place?' It was also many times said, 'There is no man in the Church sufficiently great and good to take his place.' But God always finds a man for a vacancy, and so in 1877, the General Conference elected Rev. Nicholas Castle for one of its Bishops. He was about forty years old, a good preacher, sociable, prayerful, and popular. But the general feeling was, 'He is no bishop. He will never measure up to Bishop Edwards.' But it was believed to be the best the Conference could do at the time. Then, as now, bishop timber was scarce.

In order to test the metal in him, so it would seem, the Conference sent him to the Pacific Coast District. This was far from his home and early and dear associates in St. Joseph Conference, in northern Indiana. But the fiat had been spoken, and he must go. He remained there four years. On his return the bashfulness had so far vanished that he was at home in every social exigency. He presided in turn with the other bishops over the General Conference. After all this, the General Conference reelected him with a big vote, and said in plain terms, 'Who knows but he will some day make the equal of Bishop Edwards.' Twenty years have passed since his first election, and Bishop Castle has the earnestness, the industry, the orthodoxy, the devotion to the Church and to the Lord, and the preaching ability to make one of the best, and perhaps the most popular bishops, in the Church. But hush! He don't know it. He is as modest as a school girl of fifteen. But he will wear a bishop's hat as long as he chooses." This last sentence was exactly prophetic.

Within four months of his entering upon his work in the Pacific States, Bishop Castle expressed himself as awed by the vastness and need of the area, as also severely tested by the scantiness of the equipment afforded by the denominational distribution of resources. From the first the work laid hold on his deepest heart and he gave himself to the field in heroic abandon. In analyzing the situation denominationally, at the time Rev. J. S. Pitman and the young people were about to establish

First Church, Los Angeles, he writes of "Inadequate support. I grant it easy to name an evil, but often very hard to indicate a remedy. Yet facts must be faced if they face us. Only the most unquestioned—possibly, as some would call it, blind—loyalty to the denomination, will hold a man against an empty purse, dishonored bills, and a dowerless future. The Church must provide more liberally for its honored and successful laborers, or suffer an irreparable loss." He estimated resources in the following revealing words: "A field of unquestioned future promise. It cannot be otherwise if aggressive measures are maintained. Such a country cannot be disappointing in its reward of effort. Its skies, soils, its mines, its rivers, its harbors, its sea, its forests, are all agencies of wealth, and must serve the purpose of evangelism among the ever growing population of this country. California alone has the elements and capabilities of an empire.

"A measure of success. I know this seems to some questionable, but a more hampered and handicapped church from the first, has not wrought in this country. As Wm. Penn, still lives in Pennsylvania, and the Hollanders in New York, so early influences fill, or until late, grip and stifle the spirit of progress in the Church. The spirit of Ishmael found voice in and sought to taboo all questions outside the realm of hyper-orthodoxy. The free and adventurous spirit of this westland would not readily yield the arbitrament of questions so individually vital as one's religious faith to an ecclesiastical censor. When we, under these circumstances,

compare our work with that being done by other churches, the marvel is that we have done as well as we have. The great Presbyterian Church alone pours into Oregon an annual appropriation of over twenty thousand. Out of 83 churches in Oregon they have only eleven that are self sustaining, the remainder being dependent. Figures cannot represent the success of the Church for its most important work cannot be tabulated. The Church of the coming generation will be glad that the Church of this generation held on to this Eldorado of the west."

CHAPTER V.

Personal Character.

Human personality submits to the acid test when the study of character is reverently made. There are men and women who as they are studied give the impression that they belong fully to this world. Its ways are all but wholly agreeable, they easily take it as they find it, they are well interested in its principal proposals, are not troubled by its present status in any respect, dip their cups deeply into the river of its pleasures, do not feel its discomforts, and confess no serious urge toward disturbing ideals. Human thinking readily allows that Pontius Pilate belonged to the Roman Empire. It is different when Jesus of Nazareth comes into action. "His purposes require eternity for their fulfillment, his longings only God, and the fellowship of innumerable brethren in God, can satisfy. Jeremy Taylor in a funeral sermon said of the Lady Carbery: 'In all her religion, she had a strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding toward her ocean of God and of infinity, with a certain and silent motion.' Men and women of genuine Christian conscience appear, like a river, to be always enroute. They crave a diviner order for the world and more Christlike spirits for themselves, and these cravings of their souls, like the pull of gravitation on water, drawing it towards sea level, create in them a flow setting forth toward love, toward the vast deep of love's

full life for all. In their company one catches 'murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.' "

Nicholas Castle was too great a soul to be confined by conference, denominational, continental or state boundaries. By the essential purity and greatness of his soul, he walked with Jesus, from local into general Church relations; walked away from native haunts; set foot in the strange scenes of the Pacific shore lines of the United States, from whence, worn, weary, and happy, he walked into the City of God. Everywhere he touched the earth on his pilgrim way he helped men to lift their souls and behold eternity. His other-world-ness was ever about him. Here we will linger once again in words from the pen of Dr. W. R. Funk. "Then, the wonderful preaching the Bishop has done during these years; the thought, so Christlike, that he has expressed in words so beautiful. Who has not heard him, in nearly every sermon growing more eloquent, and, when, like the dew of the morning, the Gospel truth fell refreshing upon every heart? Like the rippling stream taking its way out of the mountain, down through the valley and into the meadows, refreshing vine, shrub and grass, wherever it touched, so the flow of divine truth from the lips of this wonderful man, have been a perfect stream of refreshing, down through the church life in which he has ministered. How delightful it will be in the session this week, for the entire Church to think of him, as celebrating his fiftieth anniversary of entrance into the ministry. Quiet, gentle, not self-seeking nor self-centered, but unselfish, retiring,

modest almost to a fault sometimes, he has nevertheless, exerted a mighty influence, not only on the legislation of our denomination, but upon the spiritual life of all those who have come under his power.

“From one end of the Church to the other there is a halo of glory around the life and character of Bishop Castle. Why not say it is true? Why not let the Church have the inspiration of the fact that a great man is still living with a mighty influence for good? He stands nearest the borderland in the sense of his relation to the Church as Bishop Emeritus, yet the beauty and grandeur of the sunset of his earthly career are becoming brighter and brighter with every year. The Church congratulates the St. Joseph Conference on the fact that Bishop Castle is a member of that body, and while we do not for a moment grant to the St. Joseph Conference the right to say that he is theirs alone, for we claim that Bishop Castle belongs to the entire Church, yet we do see, in his local relationship to that Conference, great reason for rejoicing on the part of all who are in any way connected with it, for it has, in him, a representative that would do honor to any conference in any denomination. Bishop Castle is a great man exerting a great influence.”

Bishop Castle rose from poverty and he was to the last given to distribution to those in need. It was characteristic of him to pass cash and supplies to underpaid ministers and their dependents, and this even when his own income was modest indeed. All his life he was a tither and more than a tither.

Carefully kept records show that year after year, he set aside his tithe from his gross receipts, even before he took out for taxes. The colleges, the Seminary, all our great causes, and local churches all over the country received generous contributions from him. His giving above the tithe amounted to more than ten thousand dollars. He was absolutely kindly and impartial in his treatment of ministers. Whether they treated him kindly or not he was just and loving and interested. If anyone was inclined to criticise him, he kept in patience under injustice, and even abuse, was not permitted to embitter him. His transparent goodness often made a deep impression on very wicked men and they would even befriend him. The unfailing testimony is, that the unquestioned purity and genuineness of his character, stimulated to holy living, and this was the sure result of contact with him any time and anywhere. This saintly man crossed the threshold of the writers humble Indiana home as a guest when the writer was thirteen years old. As memory recalls, the impression from that visit was singular and unusual. His transparent goodness, his gentleness and kindness, his pure and chaste conversation, his never-to-be-forgotten prayers in the home, as also in the church, with his persuasive and moving sermons, made ineffaceable impression. He made me so anxious to know Jesus whom he adored, that I could scarcely wait the time when I would be allowed to give myself to Jesus and the Church. While he did not conduct the revival services in which I definitely avowed Jesus as my Savior, it was he who

set my whole life aflame with the purpose and passion of a Christian career. No one man has had anything approximating the influence on my life, from childhood until now, as has this man of God.

In the mind of the writer it appears doubtful if any man ever lived who had a deeper appreciation of his friends than had Bishop Castle. He found more good qualities in all sorts of people than his compeers could discover. The Church has a legacy in his blameless character that is above estimate. When the writer entered upon service as Bishop in the area to which Bishop Castle had given such invaluable devotion the first Conference he held was at Sacramento, California, in September, 1905. Bishop Castle was already living in retirement as Bishop Emeritus, with residence at Philomath, Oregon. He wrote as follows to the California Conference:

“To the Bishop and Members of the California Conference:

Dear and Beloved Brethren in the Lord:—

Let me have a moment of your time for a personal greeting. I cannot tell you the pleasure it would afford me to be with you in this session of your Conference, presided over by my lifelong friend, Bishop W. M. Bell, D.D. I congratulate you on your good fortune in having a whole Bishop on the Pacific District. All that I ask is that you give him the same generous and kind treatment you gave me. I cannot ask for more; for I know how easy it will be for you to do this. I came to you

twenty-eight years ago, a shy, timid, inexperienced worker. The country was then quite different, and the Church much weaker than now. My association with you was always a personal delight. Whether in the conference sessions, in the camp meeting, in church or schoolhouse, or the privacy of the home, I shall always carry bright memories of the days that have vanished.

"I need not remind you of the changed complexion of your conference now from what it was then. Where are the men and the women of the Burneyville Conference? Think it over, and answer. There are likely but two ministers in your present session that were in that conference. They are Brothers J. L. Field, and T. J. Bauder. I bespeak for these brethren great kindness. They are both getting old. Be kind to the aged. If you that are younger live, you, too, will be old, and then you will want people to be kind to you. I think I may be presuming to say this much but I just wanted my own heart to go out in this wish. I wish for you the best session in your history. I hope that peace and good fellowship may reign. Remember me in your prayers as I go my way to my home.

Your Brother and lover,
N. Castle."

Ministers are agreed in declaring, from all parts of the Church, that the personal character of this Bishop made a profound impression on themselves, their families, and their people. As illustrating the conclusion reached as to the remarkable dedication of the man in the use of his money, as in all other

resources of his life, one letter among many may suffice. Dr. J. A. Eby was called into the ministry under a sermon which the Bishop preached in the church at Elkhart, Indiana. When Dr. Eby was in the pastorate and under the herculian task of erecting a church in Chicago, Bishop Castle sent him a generous contribution for the new enterprise. Dr. Eby in acknowledging the receipt of the money said: "As is your habit you have given more than generously, considering your resources, and the number of demands made upon you. After all, who knows but such stewardship, as this and other contributions made by you, indicate, may account for the distinguishing power that attends your ministry, in a way that makes it almost unique." Bishop Castle believed in and certainly lived practically a life of entire consecration. In his own modest but genuine way he declared, "the most remarkable event in my life occurred August 22, 1876, when I found Jesus to be what His name imports—a Savior from all sin. I had been desiring this full assurance for years, but not until I gave all, as I never before had done, to Jesus, to *be* and to *do* everything that would glorify Him, was I able to say in all things, 'Thy will not mine be done.' " He was free from any extremes and studiously avoided anything that had the flavor of fanaticism, but he definitely walked in the fellowship of an uttermost salvation. Purity of heart was his ruling passion and he lived and witnessed to it everywhere. He was no stickler for formulas or numeral order, but he lived under the constant urge of Christ likeness. The purity of his

life shone nowhere so brightly, as in his own home, to which he was devoted in a notable measure. His family circle was the shrine of his heart, and he presided there in deepest love. If you entered his home it was to be refreshed by an indescribable sweetness and love that brought God and Heaven near.

In no way could the genuine kindness and thoughtful tenderness of this great man be hidden. His letters are bearers of his personal character in a marvellous way. In 1909 I was holding conferences in the east in the effort of the Board of Bishops to carry on the work laid down by Bishop Mills. One letter to me in that interval I may release here in part.

“Philomath, Oregon, October 16, 1909

Dear Bishop Bell:

Of no portion of this Church was I shyer than of the east before I went there; of no portion did I receive a heartier welcome, more sympathetic, and experience greater pleasure. Some of my brightest memories are there and some of my best achievements as a bishop were in that territory. They made things possible for me. They had sympathy, charity, frankness, appreciation, honesty, sincerity, bluntness, courage, humility, spirituality. There was no district, strong and advanced as it was, that I would have preferred to the east. My heart is in a perfect tremor of excitement when I think of you in the midst of scenes once so familiar and entrancing to me. Oh! how I would like to go over them once more, as in days that are

past. But how changed now! How many faces I once knew and loved so well have vanished. How changed the churches and the cities; how I have changed in my ambition, courage, strength, hope. The fields of culture and opportunity lie behind me. Once they swept all around me. This the first summer in over fifty without a sermon. Oh! the delight of the pulpit. How can anyone shun it or be cold and indifferent to it? Prize it while it is yours. Prize the office you have, and the occasion it gives you for this wide travel, and this extended intermingling with the best people this side of Heaven. Rest! Yes. But long? No. The fires will soon glow with a heat that cannot be restrained. Every true minister has fire in his bones and cannot long hold his peace. But I must close. I congratulate you and your family on your reunion next Thursday. I remember the days that are past.

Kindly and grateful remembrance to all.

In faith and hope,

N. Castle."



Answering Interrogations of a Grandson

CHAPTER VI.

Lecture on Dr. Marcus Whitman.

Bishop Castle was exceedingly fond of the Pacific States and deeply interested in the early history of that part of our Republic. He gave an address at times on the subject of Dr. Whitman and his work, or *The Man That Saved Oregon to the United States*. Fortunately he left a very good manuscript of this great address. Readers of this biography will appreciate the use of the manuscript in this volume. Following is the address:

Dr. Whitman and His Work.

“Far beyond that rocky range which forms one of the physical boundaries of our immense continent, a solitary stranger from the land of the “white man” was seen mingling in the midst of a large concourse of Flathead Indians, who were, at the time, holding one of their religious festivals. It was far up Clark’s River, and central in what was then known as Washington Territory. This stranger’s religious instincts, though not a missionary, told him these people were wrong. He informed them of a people living toward the rising sun who had a knowledge of the true God, which they received from a Book which the Great Spirit had sent to them. This so impressed them that in 1832 four of their number made the perilous journey of 3,000 miles to St. Louis on a mission of their own devising, than which no more important enterprise was ever

undertaken by an Indian tribe. It was a pilgrimage only equalled in its importance, by the visit of the Oriental philosophers to the rustic scene when the Prince of Light first opened his eyes on the world of His trials and triumphs. In this far away home, surrounded by their dusky lovers, amid the rudeness of ancestral life, a star arose on the darkness of their moral night. They heard through this American trapper of the white man's God, and of the spirit home, better than the hunting-grounds of which their ancestors had told them; of a Book that told them of the Great Spirit and of the trail that led to that blessed home.

"The Indian nature, always religiously inclined, was now thoroughly aroused; and fancy can easily follow them in their rude processes of investigation. In those ancient groves which the white man's ax had not profaned, God's first temple; or when the solemn grand old mountains, like ancient cathedrals, shut them in, we see them sitting around their dusky campfires in moody silence, communing with the reigning solitude. They think much, but say little of the white-man's God and Book. Stealthy worshipers, rather feeling after the true God, if haply they may find Him. But again they turn to the chase pursuing the deer, the wolf, the grizzly and cinnamon bear. The Rocky Mountain winter threatens them and they follow the buffalo, whose instinct leads him north on the plains and vast valleys which are kept perpetually warm and green by the Pacific trade winds. With return of Spring, we see these sons of nature returning to the old

camping ground of summer laden with the spoils they have taken, still thinking about the white man's God and Book. They talk mysteriously of what they have heard. It finally comes into the Great Council. They must know more about this thing. Their dim future needs brightening up. Perhaps it is the God and the Book of the pale-face that makes him greater in his big canoe on the great waters of the setting sun. They must know more. It is gravely settled that some of their number must go on the long trail to the rising of the sun to find the Book and bring back the light. For this expedition two old braves were selected, prudent and wise, whose love for their tribe is unquestioned. Two young braves were added for strength, endurance and daring, amid the perils along the unknown path of many moons. In the silence of true heroism these four braves passed off into the forest, over the rivers, and out on the prairie. This was an improvement on the Macedonian call. They went themselves to get what they wanted. What route these brave adventurers took we may never know. What hostile tribes they encountered; what wild beasts they fought; what straits for food; and what weariness of travel they experienced has no record in literature. One thing we are sure of that by whatever route they went and whatever the vicissitudes of the road, many moons came and went, ere they arrived at St. Louis, the great city of the white man. Twenty-seven years before this General William Clark had been over the mountains, and left his name on their River, and many of their old

men had seen him and had known him, so that there was one person in this great city of whom they had some knowledge. General Clark was well fitted for the place he occupied. Being a Virginian by birth and raised in Kentucky, he had much to do with Indian life, having been in their dark and bloody wars. At the close of the 18th century, while St. Louis was under Spanish rule, he took up his abode in that city. He was in the daring survey that first penetrated that wilderness land, the success of which was largely owing to his knowledge of Indian character. After his return he was made Brigadier General of the Upper Louisiana, and was active and efficient in the Indian wars that harassed the Western borders through the early years of the 19th century. He was Territorial Governor of Missouri until it became a State in 1821, from which time till his death in 1838 he was Indian Superintendent with headquarters at St. Louis. It was to this man that the four Flatheads made their business known. The General aided them to such facts as he could, confirming the statement made by the stranger at their distant home. This strange and interesting mission from the dusky sons of the forest together with an engraving of the heads of the tribes found publicity throughout the *Christian Advocate and Journal* in 1833. This at once awakened an interest in Christian circles in regard to their spiritual condition. This interest was greatly intensified by a stirring appeal made in their behalf by Dr. Fisk, in whose heart the fire of missions always burned with a steady flame. In answer to this appeal two

young men, Jason and Daniel Lee, one a student in the Wesleyan University and the other a traveling minister, proposed themselves as missionaries. These two were joined by Cyrus Shepard, a school teacher, and together the three set out upon their perilous journey of three thousand miles across the Rocky Mountains. But the interest broadened. This appeal touched the heart of the land and in addition to the interest awakened in the Methodist Board of Missions, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was fully aroused and determined to send forward explorers and prepare the way for Christian Missions in Oregon. Consequently the American Board selected Rev. Samuel Parker and Marcus Whitman, M. D. the hero of our lecture, who followed only one year later, the trio above named. This was not only the introduction of Protestant missions into Oregon, but also of civilization among the natives. Morning in the Northwest dates from that time.

“Let us step back a moment and take another view of our four Flatheads. How long they remained at St. Louis we do not know, only that they remained there long enough for the two old braves to leave for the celestial hunting ground, and for one of the younger braves to contract disease that proved fatal on his return, at the mouth of the Yellowstone. These three noble Indians never saw their tribe again.

“In the human view what a sad ending that deputation had. In that old Indian and papal city the poor Flatheads did not find the Book. The heart

that had come three thousand miles of weary toil and imminent peril, in hope of being filled with better ideas of God and of the long, long trail into the hereafter, had to turn away toward the land of the setting sun in utter disappointment. To them their mission was a failure. How often it has so proven to the Indian! We have a gospel for pagans and cannibals in foreign lands but none for the poor Indian in our and their native land. They had to return to their dark mountain home and bear to their tribes the burden of disappointment. There must be a ceremonial leave-taking, so they gathered in the house of the American Fur Company as a Council lodge, where the farewell address of the two surviving Flatheads was delivered. The speaker said 'I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers that came with us, the braves of many winters and wars, we leave asleep here by your great waters and wigwams. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me where your women dance and the Book was not there. You took me where you worship the Great

Spirit with candles and the Book was not there. You show me the images of good spirits and the pictures of the good lands beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I go back the long sad trail to my people of the dark lands. You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the Book is not among them. When I tell my people after one more snow in the Big Council that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness and they will go on the long path to the other hunting ground. No white man will go with them and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words to speak.'

"A steamer of the American Fur Company was starting for the upper mission. The first fire canoe that ever made the long trip of 2200 miles to the Company's post at the mouth of the Yellowstone carried these two braves toward their faraway land. But that speech with its mournful refrain 'The Book was not there' had a sympathizing ear. A clerk in the office witnessed the interview and noticed its painful end. He wrote an account of it to his friend at Pittsburg. George Cotlin, The Indian Historian, biographer and painter got hold of the account and after some investigation said 'Give the letter to the world.'

"In 1836 when the Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife were on their way to Oregon as missionaries they

met Mr. Cotlin in Pittsburg, who gave them a detailed account of this affair.

"Mr. Cotlin enriched his Indian gallery with the portraits of these two Indians. They are numbered 207 and 208 in his collection. They were of the Nez Perces branch of the Flathead tribe. They do not appear with flattened heads as this band had abstained from this barbarous usage. They show two as originators in a custom of modern civilization among women by having their hair so far 'banged' as to cover one-third of the forehead.

"But though only one lived to return to his people, the mission of the four Flathead Indians to St. Louis was not a failure. That people sat in the grey dawn of a possible day. The outcome of what the little captive maid heard was the healing of her leprous master. So what that clerk overheard between the blanketed Indian and General Clark was a Divine pivot. The poor Indians did not see nor the Fur Trading white man, yet on it much Indian destiny and all of Oregon's turn. The result was one of the most romantic chapters in American history.

"We now approach more properly the hero of our lecture, Dr. Whitman.

"It was the purpose of these exploring delegates of the American Board of Missions to have gone with the Lee's in 1834, but they were unavoidably detained until the next year. In the summer of 1835 they made their way to the American Post at Green River, when they met mountain-men and singularly and happily some of the Flatheads, whose

Macedonian cry they heard months before and in whose interest Dr. Whitman was making his way to their far west land. Arriving at the post of duty his practical eye soon took in his great life work and he at once returned to the States to report his observation, procure his needed outfit and return to the field of labor.

"The American Board saw its way clear to open a Christian Mission in Oregon, but its prudence could not entrust this opening to less than two men, and they must be married men.

"Two powers, American and English, were struggling for this beautiful and eventful field. But by methods very different. One carried in the single man, and the other, the family. The one went in with his traps and snares, the other his seed wheat, his oats, potatoes. The one ran his canoe to bring out his furs and pelts, while the other hauled in with his rude wagon, the 19th century, and came back laden with Oregon, for the American Union.

"The English type of civilization on the coast meant traps and furs and boats. The American meant farms and flour mills, factories and bridges, school houses and churches. Ever since Rufus Putnam's trip with the ox-cart and sled over the Alleghenies to the founding of Marietta in 1788, a force has been at work that no earthly power can turn back. Education and religion were in that cart—were on wheels. By and by, beyond the mission and on the headlands of the Columbia we shall overtake that cart, another driver, but the same load. It had the family, education, religion and agriculture in it, the four great forces of civilization.

"Three persons and no less can carry Christian civilization into a wilderness, the husband, the wife and the child. Only this relationship can prevent society from going back into savage life. Without this sacred alliance there is no true civilization for man. These two wives that went over prairies and mountains of the west with these devoted missionaries heralded a new life in Oregon,—the family life.

"The early family life in Oregon was degrading. The increase of population was half-breed. European civilization gravitated toward the Indian type of life, meeting in the wigwam and shanty. The arrival of these missionary families foretold a new era on the Northwest coast.

"Let us get back a moment to the scene of starting. Word is sent to the betrothed to be ready for a hasty wedding and a long bridal tour. What a bridal tour for the young wife! Cincinnati was in its infancy. Its first white born citizen was only 45 years old, only three years since the first steamer entered Chicago, and it must be fifteen yet before the first locomotive can head a passenger train. At Pittsburg, Cotlin warned against the attempt to take a woman over the plains and through the mountains, detailing the number of all the men in a certain party, that one woman might be carried into a horrid and unreported captivity. But nothing daunted, the brave party pushed forward to the scenes of danger and duty.

"Once at St. Louis they went up the same river that the two heavy-hearted braves four years before went up on their homeward journey to the land

beyond the great mountains. Then darkness and despondency went up that river, now light and joy follow on its waters.

"June 6th they were at Laramie. On the 4th of July they entered the famous South pass where the Rocky and Wind River Mountains almost touch each other. This is the route of the famous explorers as Fremont 1842, Fremont 1843, Stanburg 1849, Whitman and Spalding 1836. There the South Platte, the Yellowstone and the Columbia Rivers pour their silver threads this being the grand divide of the waters of the continent.

"When this grand party had advanced far enough to be on the Pacific slope of the country, 2500 miles from home, a scene took place that might well be memorialized. They all dismounted from their horses, then spreading their blankets and lifting the grand old American flag into the winds, they all kneeled around the Book, and with prayer and praise, took possession of the western side of the continent for Christ and the Church. Where is there a scene of more historic value? High figures kneeling in prayer to give half a continent to the better kinds of 'Peace on earth and good will towards men,' while beneath is the Book of Life and above the flag of liberty. Here the Oregon question and the giving of 6000 miles of the Pacific coast to the United States was settled.

"Balboa at Panama taking possession of the Pacific and all its lands for the crown of Spain; the landing of the Pilgrims; Washington assuming command of the army; the first prayer in Congress; are scarcely

more significant events. Leaving this memorable spot and passing a few more vicissitudes they arrive at the great mountain trading post or American Fur Company, where were collected hundreds of people of mixed blood, language and custom, American, French and Indian. Here they tarried ten days to rest and prepare for their march to the Columbia. These newly arrived lady missionaries were objects of much interest in that western camp. Hardy Rocky Mountain trappers who had not seen a white woman for twenty-five years were now carried back to the days of a mother and sister and schoolmates and the home of childhood. At the sight of these, rough stronghearted men wept like children. Their manhood came back to them when they saw a dress. Years afterward one of these men said "From that day when I took again the hand of a civilized woman, I was a better man." Where will you find a more just and more noble tribute to woman than this?

"The ten days were soon ended and the pioneer brigade of civilization moved westward.

"They reached English Fort Hall, then Fort Boise, and by and by, after the incidents of ferries and fords, mountain sides and canyons, the party descended the Blue Mountains, and looked into the valley of the long sought Columbia. Mount Hood, the tallest sentinel of the Cascade range rose in solitary eminence, one hundred and fifty miles away, to give them welcome. On the 2nd day of September, 1836, four months full of peril, and 3500 miles behind them, the hospitable gates of Fort Walla

Walla opened to receive them. The bridal tour was ended and the acquisition of Oregon begun.

"It may be fitly said that the destiny of Oregon both as a mission field for Christian service and as a part of the United States was settled on wheels. Dr. Whitman's emigrant wagon settled it. Hitherto our western boundaries had been carried no farther than the Rocky Mountains. Diplomacy, civil engineering, and contending nations all had to wait for Dr. Whitman's wagon ere distinguishing development could take a ride. The taking of this one wagon through overland and into the great Columbia Basin settled the question as to Christian civilization in the great Northwest. That wagon with its two white women occupants, suggested the family, a civilized Christian home, permanent settlements, and a highway from the Mission to the Columbia. For these reasons Dr. Whitman's old wagon met with stern opposition from the Fur Company, the English and the French. It was for these very reasons that Dr. Whitman determined that his wagon must go through to Oregon. He was told he could never cross the Rocky Mountains but he had too much pluck and firmness to be deterred by such obstacle. For six thousand years the stillness of that wild region had never been broken by such sounds as now awoke the echoes of the mountains. It will help us to get its movements if we repeat the jerky syllables through which the Indians undertook the description of the wagon. They called it the, "Chick-chick-sham-C-Kai-Kash."

"How that old wagon ever crossed the plains, the

terrible canyons, deep creeks and rivers remains to be told. When it could no longer go as a quadruped it went as a biped. In other words the wagon was converted into a cart, the extra wheels and axle becoming a part of the load. The Snake River was reached. It is no inconsiderable river as I know from having crossed it many times. Here both cart and driver went swimming and both came out on the western side of the stream and thus were nearer Oregon. At last the end of the journey was reached. The work was done substantially. The wagon and the two brides, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, had won Oregon. The first wheels of true civilization had hallowed the prairies, crashed by the sage brush, grazed the rocks and skirted the river banks all the way from the Missouri to the Columbia. What national destiny was carried in that wagon. How many tens of thousands have since been on that trail, with their swaying canvas tops. The first white women had crossed the continent and the fact was prophetic of great fulfillments. This old wagon had demonstrated that women and children and household goods—the family—could be carried over the plains and mountains to Oregon. This being so, the United States wanted Oregon and soon two hundred wagons went over and took possession of it.

“Leaving much unsaid that might be of interest, I pen a story in brief that scarcely has a parallel in American history. Revere and Sheridan had their rides for the welfare of the nation. Dr. Whitman had his to provide the Republic with a Pacific as

well as an Atlantic coast. The autumn days of October 1842, found the Oregon Mission of the American Board holding a business session at its headquarters. While attending to business affairs Dr. Whitman had a call to visit a patient at Fort Walla Walla then a station of an English fur company. He represented the United States in what was for the time a sort of joint occupation of the much coveted territory. The Hudson Bay Company had become well persuaded that Oregon could only be held by the settlements of civilization. In this policy they were trying to head off the Americans. This they did by trying to hold back American immigration and hurrying up the English, Scotch and French and half breeds from the Red River country. In the midst of the convivialities of the dinner an express messenger arrived from down the river and announced the rapid advance of a colony of one hundred and forty or more. The welcome news thrilled the company. Congratulations passed from man to man, when a young priest sprang to his feet, and with a twirl of his cap shouted, 'Hurrah for Oregon! America is too late, and we have got the country.'

"With the instinct of a patriot and a statesman Dr. Whitman seized the fact announced, and quickly measured its full import. He at once determined that this plot to deny America this territory should be at once communicated to Washington and a tide of American immigration started at the earliest possible hour. In two hours time his Cayuse pony, white with foam, stood before the door of the Mission

House. Not waiting to dismount he told the story of the English plot, the peril of Oregon, his purpose to face the winter, the mountains, the plains, the Indians, to make known the situation to his government and return the following year with a long train of immigrant wagons. In 24 hours Dr. Whitman was in his saddle and his horse headed toward Washington. When he announced his purpose his wife and the Mission group all endeavored to deter him. But all soon yielded when they recalled that the man that stood before them was the man who six years ago had brought the group over the mountains. All that was patriotic in the noble man stirred him to duty and he finally said 'I do not so much belong to the American Board as I do to my country, and if you press your opposition I will throw up my connection with the Mission.' The wife yielded, hard as it was, for she was a noble woman, possessed of a broad American heroism. She gave up her husband to her country much as she had given up her self to Christian Missions among the Indians. When she gave up to the daring endeavor of her husband, it could not longer be manly or Christian for others to dissent. But what a trial to a wife! The winter was already on the mountains and the cold and snows of such a winter who can describe? But there must be no delay. The Oregon question was before Congress and it might soon be settled. It was now October. Five months would be short enough time to go near four thousand miles at this time of the year. The journey must be made mostly on horseback; the

streams half frozen and swollen to be crossed in all sorts of extemporized ways, while hostile Indians would make detours and hiding necessary.

“What a sleepless, laborious night was spent at the Mission. Only 24 hours to make the outfit the safest, lightest and most enduring possible. Food, the inevitable ax, arms for defence and for game, medicines, etc., all must be anticipated, provided and packed on horse or mule. Two horses for Dr. Whitman and Mr. Lovejoy, two or three pack mules for supplies, were in readiness before a second sunset, and Marcus Whitman took the stirrup for Washington and a cavalcade of wagons to possess Oregon. ‘Into the valley of death they rode.’ Eleven days out and six hundred and forty miles brought them to Fort Hall. From here they struck southerly to Santa Fe where they found the trail of the same name and used by the St. Louis and New Mexican traders. This trail enabled them to more readily and certainly make their way to the frontier settlements.

“After leaving Ft. Hall terribly severe weather was encountered. The snows were deep and very retarding. Crossing over some high mountains a terrible snow storm drove them into a dark defile for shelter. Ten days were very impatiently spent when they broke camp and got upon the mountains where they wandered for days when their guide declared he was lost and would go no farther. This was a terrible blow. But the Doctor determined not to give up and returned to Fort Hall for another guide, leaving the horses with Lovejoy to be fed

on cotton wood bark. The seven days consumed in the return to Fort Hall were filled with peril and hardship untold. Returning with a new guide the journey was resumed. Reaching Grand River they found it six hundred yards wide, two hundred yards of frozen ice on either side and the rushing torrent between. The guide feared but the Doctor mounted his horse and plunged into the threatening stream. Horse and rider were submerged but rose again and after buffetings down stream the Doctor was able to jump on the ice and by careful management helped his good horse to land.

“Taos was reached in about 30 days after much suffering from cold and hunger. So straitened for food were they that they were compelled to eat the flesh of dogs, mules and like animals. They remained at Taos for 15 days and then struck out for Brent’s Fort arriving January 3, 1843. During this part of the journey the suffering was again most severe. Leaving Taos was contrary to the judgment of the guide but time was fleeting. They were soon lost in the mountains amid a frenzied storm and extreme cold. Their animals became in a measure unmanageable and all were fast freezing to death. The guide confessed he was lost and gave up. Then the heroic Doctor attempted to turn back to the camp fire they had unwisely left in the morning. But the storm had done its work only too well. No trace of their outgoing steps could be found. They wandered about aimlessly and finally gave up to be wrapped in the winding sheet of snow. Here for the first and only time Doctor Whitman

gave up all for lost. Dismounting from his horse, he commended himself, his distant wife, his missionary companions and work with his cherished Oregon, to the Infinite One, and so awaited the silent, snowy burial of the entire party. At last the guide saw what to him was significant in the movements of the head and ears of his mule and broke the silence by saying 'This mule will reach the camp if he can live to head back to it.' So saying he dropped the rein on the saddle horn and gave the animal full liberty. Leaving the stormy divide, turning a canyon here and a cliffy slope there; winding this way now and that way then, he finally came to where things began to assume a familiar appearance, and at last to the frantic joy of that hopeless party they drew up in front of the smouldering fires of the last night's camp. God had once more delivered in safety the brave man who had conquered the Rocky Mountains with a wagon. Resuming the journey as soon as possible they came to stray cabins along a branch of the Arkansas River and with a few settlers about, felt they had reached comparative safety. Mr. Lovejoy was compelled to stay behind on account of sickness while Dr. Whitman pushed on for Washington. He soon arrived in Saint Louis but was then only midway between Oregon and Washington though he had been four months in the saddle. All the way however he had been inspired by the thought that The fate of a nation was riding that night.

"So far the horse had carried Oregon. Now the saddle was exchanged for stage, and on the 3rd day

of March, just five months from that eventful leave taking across the distant mountains, our hero arrived in Washington and the world knows the rest, Oregon was saved to the American Republic. Dr. Whitman was dressed in fur and buckskin. He had a buffalo coat and buckskin breeches. He did not display a single square inch of woven fabric. But with all his almost burden of hide and fur clothing he bore the marks of the awful cold and the merciless storms of the long journey. Many parts of his body were frost bitten and giving him much trouble. The world has the unforgettable records of heroic riders but for distance, time, heroic daring, peril, suffering and magnificent consequences none equals the ride of the man who saved Oregon."

We need not go far to find reasons for Bishop Castle making this exceptional tribute to Dr. Whitman. They were both hardy frontiersmen and gave themselves without reckoning cost to the mighty empire by the Pacific. I declare as the successor to Bishop Castle in the Pacific States that his character and devotion constituted a legacy that places the United Brethren Church and the total Christian cause in that area under enduring obligation. Bishop Castle had the same hardihood and self effacement that made Whitman great. He was passionately fond of service and spared himself no cost that he might serve.

CHAPTER VII.

A Pilgrim and a Stranger.

It is given to few souls to carry always such a deep consciousness of the temporality of this earthly life as did Bishop Castle. I was never with him for an hour that he did not give me some reason to think of **fleeting time** and **oncoming eternity**. He perpetually lived in the presence of the unseen and reckoned he might be ushered into the other world any hour. What follows is from his gifted pen. "There is no lesson that we are more impressively taught than that we are passing away. Everything is on the wing and wheel. All created things are rapidly moving to their end. The fitful winds, the heaving earthquake, the deep voiced and heavy rolling thunder, the electric fire as it flashes from the riven cloud, all proclaim this wonderful march. The changing seasons as they come and go—spring and autumn, summer and winter—help us to the memory of our mortality. As nature flings her wreath of faded flowers from her brow, and exchanges her emerald robes of summer for winter's winding sheet, so we shall have to surrender our tastefully furnished mansions and warmly enfolding robes, for the icy mantle of death and the mold covered grave. We cannot pause. Both asleep and awake we are going. We may mark all the divisions in the sentence of life except the last—employ all the punctuation marks but the period.

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"The outgoing and the incoming year, mark one more division in our earthly life. How carefully God measures out our time to us! He does not lavish whole years upon us at once, but gives a moment at a time, and thereby leaves us in utter ignorance as to the certainty of their continuance. God estimates our time for us, and considers it valuable only so far as it subserves his purposes in the redemption scheme. Time has no value aside from man's salvation. While I sit musing, the old year is dying, and the records of the world will soon announce its departure. How silently it glides by! No sound is heard except the soft, murmuring winds as they sadly sigh at the north door, as if in some way bemoaning the event at hand. My soul is responsive. I tremblingly wait the passing event. I think on the life I have led, and wonder how it will be with me over yonder. A few moments more and another year's life will be gone—deposited on the other shore with all that has been joyous or sorrowful, virtuous or sinful—gone never to return. How solemn the thought! These years will have to be retraced—not here, but at the judgment of the great day.

"But hold! Hark—it is gone. Farewell. We shall meet no more until we meet the gathering of worlds. How the years are gliding! The last one will soon be here. While silently kneeling in fervent prayer, we are borne beyond the threshold of another year. How should we receive it? Certainly not as a period to be devoted to pastime and pleasure. The past has been quite enough in this direction.

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It is time, and high time, that we be at work. The Savior said, 'I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, wherein no man can work.' What! Sit down in such a land as this, and wait till the shadows of evening have crept to the eastward of us? Come, brother, hasten on. Your time is short. You may not get in by nightfall. Eternity is just at hand."

No Bishop ever conducted an Annual Conference with more tender consideration than did the subject of this biography. After one of his Conferences had adjourned quite in keeping with the title of this chapter he wrote as follows: "Another session of conference, with its greetings, its reportings, its resolutions, and its spirit thrillings, is past. The appointments have been read, I trust, received—and the ministers have gone to their various fields to commence the labors of another year. I have been trying to divine—a foolish undertaking—the results of the changes and interchanges, marches and counter marches, necessitated by the doings of our last conference gathering. My mind may have been drawn out in this channel of reflection by the vision of the not very remote past, which still flings its misty mantle before my sight and tries to obscure it. But, however this may be, I have been thinking in this connection, of time's advancing tread, and of that last, and it may be, long looked for year, which stands huddled in the group of years composing our individual life on earth—the closing years of labor and life among mortals. True, the years may seem to move slowly; but their moving will

bring the last one, by and by. Who can tell but what this very conference year is the last for some of us! It is not certain that we, we ministers, will all be living when the roll is called a year hence. The exposure to heat and cold, to snow and rain, in addition to the care and anxiety of heart and life which will have to be endured, may bring some of us to the hour of death. Some of our number are already well on toward the evening of life, and cannot hope to stay much longer, while others, though young in years, are rapidly wearing down to the grave. Yes; the billows are rolling, and some of us may go under! How should this impress us? What are the lessons which these reflections are fitted to teach?

“**First.** They teach us to be **ever** at our post. Quite a number of years ago the legislature of one of our states was in session during an eclipse, which so darkened the sun as to remind them of the last day. One of the members proposed an adjournment, assigning as a reason for the motion, ‘that the last day had come.’ Another, and one that understood the philosophy of human life, said, ‘No.’ Assigning as a reason of his demurring, ‘If the last day is here let us be found at our post.’ Why not? What better place is there to be found at when the world ends? And then, what difference is it when it ends, so we are in our places? Happy will it be for us, as Christians, when the sun of our mortal life is eclipsed by death, if we have practised upon this truest philosophy of human existence.

“Second. We should be **firm** at our post. It requires firmness to die at one’s post. In order to do this there must be the truest devotion. There is a fragment of Roman history which details the death of Manlius, that is both affecting and instructive. It is given on this wise: ‘At night, and on the capitol fighting hand to hand, he had repelled the Gauls and saved the city when all seemed lost. Afterward he was accused, but the capitol towered in sight of the forum where he was tried; and as he was about to be condemned, he stretched out his hand and pointed, weeping, to the arena of his triumph. At this the people burst into tears, and the judges could not pronounce the sentence. The trial proceeded again, but was defeated, nor could he be condemned until he was removed beyond the sight of the capitol.’ Oh, that the Cross of Christ, with all its deep attractions shall be more to Christians than the capitol was to Manlius! The most pleasing reflection that comes to us now is, that someone may sing when we are gone, ‘He died like a martyr, he fell at his post.’

“Third. In the light of these reflections, our chief concern should be to be found **ready** at our post when the Master calls. For what should a minister, or any other Christian, concern himself about more than to have his life work done? Why is he as worldly and as eager to get and lay up a treasure of earth as those who have their portion in this life? Are we not pilgrims and strangers in this land? Suppose that we have just enough to do us and ours while we stay here. Is this not enough? Can we

well use more? Can we represent the great Head of the Church and be as worldly, as ease seeking, and as full of traffic as those are who claim no such high distinction? Misrepresentation in Heaven's government, if not in earth's, will meet with rejection."

In the same pensive mood our beloved Bishop takes up his pen at autumn time and writes: "Autumn is here, and with it a train of attendants which reminds one of a funeral procession. The days march solemnly, and yet quickly by, as if anxious to complete their doleful march. The cooling breath of autumn winds is chilling the feeble, sickly life of many a tender plant and flower, which had grown into strength, budded into beauty, and blossomed into perfection during the genial smile of summer days. Death is slowly creeping upon the mild woodlands and cultivated fields, browning and crisping the variegated forms of vegetable life, leaving little else to gratify our wandering vision than the faded, the dying, and the dead. The flowers whose odors have been mingled on the breath of winds with a skill which challenges the chemist's wisdom to imitate, have cast their silken leaves to the earth, leaving the thorny stem to its wintry solitude. The trees are losing their foliage as one leaf after another drops its light, thin form upon the wings of passing winds, to be borne by them, to its last lowly bed. The summer's fruitage is being gathered and stored away in barn and cellar, to be employed, as necessity may demand, in feeding a hungry, dying world. Oh, how solemn I grow, as

I hear the moaning winds 'chanting the death march' of disordered nature! My soul is responsive, and echoes back this requiem song. There is another autumn, of which this one that we have been describing is suggestive—the autumn of human life. It, like the former, is a period of decay and death.

"First. It is a period almost wholly destitute of the susceptibilities of improvement. The spring and summer of life are now gone. The heated and flexible materials of youth have hardened into cold and incorrigible old age. As the showers of spring and suns of summer have made all that can be made of the vegetable world, so the gliding years, with their opportunities, have done all that can be done for thriftless, indolent man. The old have the world lying behind them; having made all of it that they will ever make. To them life is stale and old. They have made their experiment with it, and are done. The solemn and dateless eternities are coming into view. Death is turning the scale of probation, and an immortal spirit, born for a better end and redeemed to a better world, is tremblingly slipping from its footing in time, into the great, unseen world. O, how I shudder when I see an old man or woman palsiedly hanging over the grave, and yet no hope in Jesus! Aged one, how I wish you would come to Christ! But my heart sickens and hope dies quite out of my breast, when I think of your **age**. If you are not a Christian, you have sinned away your deepest and sharpest conviction. Your spiritual sensibilities have con-

gealed, and your moral hearing become deadened, so that a dreamless, wakeless sleep now enfolds you. Your sun is now setting, and you are a long way from heaven, which you could and should have made your home. Cursing crimes now crowd around, and fiendishly laugh and mock as a woe-wailing spirit goes to the judgment.

“Once more. It is a time of fruit seeking and of fruit gathering. In the history of the doings of Jesus we have the record of His coming to a fig tree seeking fruit; but finding none, He cursed it and it immediately withered away. In this symbolic act we may find a great moral lesson inculcated, to which we do well to pay heed. This tree had **leaves**—corresponding to a showy profession—but no **fruit**. There are not a few, it is to be feared, who pay more heed to appearance than to the good they are required to do—the fruit they are charged to bear.

“But the balance in which both churches and individuals will be finally weighed, is that of works—the good that they have done. God has no use for either churches or individuals simply for ornaments. Think of the Holy Spirit, if you can, for sin and shame, converting and reviving a desperate sinner, and then putting him in the church simply for an ornament! There is too much rough and hard work to be done, in order to this world’s salvation, to think of traveling all the way to heaven with muffled hands and unsoiled robes. What a pity it is that after God has lifted a poor sinner out of the mud and the mire of sin—‘the horrible pit’—he

should then be too fastidious to take hold and help others out of the same pit! The language of the Master is, 'Go work in my vineyard.' Yes; there is work to do, and we ought to be in the field from earliest to latest life."

We close this chapter with another quotation from the Bishop's pen in which there is the glow of faith, victory, and eternity. Mark his gracious words: "Who shall ever tell how many weary pilgrims, journeying to the city which is in the distance, have strained their visions while looking over the dark clouds of this storm life, if haply they might catch a glimpse of the light which flashes from heaven's setless sun! What images of glory have filled the mind, and unearthly raptures swept the soul of the silent approaching traveler, while passing through the mists which are hanging over the abyss between time and eternity, as his ear catches the sounds of voices, once familiar on earth, but for years lost to his hearing! Even from the distant shores of this world, when viewed by faith's serenest eye, heaven appears with wondrous glories, whose dazzling brightness shrouds all terrestrial things with gloom. But the chief joy of heaven will consist in the presence of God.

"I cannot better describe this future of heaven's joy than by employing the beautiful language of Elizabeth Rowe. She exclaimed: 'I love my friends; my vital breath and the light of heaven are dear to me; but should I say I love my God as I love these, I should belie the sacred flame which aspires to infinity. It is Thee, absolutely Thee, O,

uncreated Beauty! that I love; in Thee my wishes all terminate; in Thee, as in their blissful center, all my desires meet, and there they must be eternally fixed; it is Thou alone who must constitute my eternal happiness. Were the happy angels silent there would be harmony for me in the whispers of Thy love; were the fields of light darkened, Thy smiles would bless me with everlasting day; the vision of Thy face will attract my eyes; nor give me leisure to waste a look on other objects to all eternity, any farther than God is to be seen in His creatures. All their beams of grace, and joy, and glory, are derived from Thee—the Eternal Sun—and will merit my attention no farther than they reflect Thy image or discover Thy excellences. Even at this distance, encompassed by the shades of death and the mists of darkness, in these cold, melancholy regions, when a ray of Thy love breaks in upon my soul—when through the clouds I can trace but one feeble beam, even that obscures all human glory, and gives me a contempt for whatever mortality can boast. What wonders, then, will the open vision of Thy face effect, when I shall enjoy it in so sublime degree that the magnificence of the skies will not draw my regard, nor the converse of angels divert my thoughts from Thee! O blessed eternity! with what cheerful splendor dost Thou dawn upon my soul. I am just upon the shores of those happy realms where uninterrupted day and eternal spring reside. Yonder are the delightful hills and harmonious vales, which continually echo the songs of angels. There the blissful fields extend

their verdure, and there the immortal groves ascend. But how dazzling is thy prospect, O city of God! My eyes shall then behold the King in his beauty; and oh, how ravishing will be the aspects of His love! What unutterable ecstasies shall I feel when I meet those smiles which enlighten heaven, and exhilarate all the celestial regions, where glories are seen without an interposing cloud between.'

"Come weary pilgrim, you are nearly home. The city is already in sight. Look well to your courage; do not faint now, for you are down on the side of the hill which slopes to the last river you will ever tremblingly cross. I know that the winds are blowing sharply and the mist is thickening before you, but go on; it will be better by and by. Yes; death's coldest and dreariest region will soon be passed, and the beautiful Eden, with its floral beauties everywhere entwining, will be gained. Now rest will be sweet.

"Brethren, do let us be more earnest bent
To win that home in heaven,
For the more we feel how time is lent,
Eternity is given."

CHAPTER VIII.

Sermon on Jonah

Bishop Castle occasionally preached on Jonah with great power, and readers will be interested in the following manuscript of the sermon.

Jonah and His Ministry.

“The book of Jonah, written about 862 years before Christ, is one of the most wonderful of all the Old Testament writings. In striking beauty and simplicity it furnishes an account of a very remarkable prophet, the most stupendous miracles, and the most astonishing revolution of a heathen city. Jonah as a minor prophet stands first in point of time and fifth in the numerical order. He is reputed to have been the son of the widow of Zarephath; to have attended Elijah in the wilderness, and to have anointed Jehu. He was a Galilean of Gath, which was in the tribe of Zebulun, a little to the north of Nazareth. Thus a prophet did come out of Galilee, the expectation of the Pharisees to the contrary notwithstanding. But on the whole little is known of this remarkable man. He very likely was a prophet in the ten tribes, at a time of great religious depression, during the reign of Joash and Jeroboam II. In point of character Jonah was self-willed and his obstinacy gave no little trouble to himself and others.

I. Jonah's Call. “The word of the Lord came unto him.” How it came we are not told; whether

by dream, oral address, or internal impression. The method has little importance. Jonah knew that the communication was the word of the Lord, and he at once arrayed himself against its order. A divine call being essential to the Christian ministry it is often accompanied with counter action and Gideon tests. This call is by the ministry of the Holy Spirit, and usually the corresponding action of the Church. Jonah had no perplexity arising from the uncertainty of the call. It was, however, in the item of obedience to it. This call is usually hard to the flesh because it involves great sacrifices and hazard of a sort. The order was, 'Go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it.' This was a hard undertaking for it was a city of great power and wealth. For a thousand years it was the mistress of the east. It had massive walls; the monarchs of Assyria had amassed the wealth and magnificence of surrounding kingdoms in it; its people were proud of its palaces, temples, and massive statuary. It was for its day without an equal.

"In addition to this material greatness, it was full of corruption. Great cities breed vice. This is true in our own day, in the face of all the powerful restraints of Christianity. How must it have been in this ancient heathen city? Let poetry, history, and the relics which art has dug up from ancient ruins answer. Let exhumed Pompeii speak to us, as buried Pompeii did to the ancient world. Then the message itself made obedience difficult. He was to cry against the city. He had a gospel of judgment. He was not going there to found a

school of philosophy, or to deliver theological dissertations, but to warn of ruin and overthrow. What would these Ninevites say to this plain and unassuming street preacher? He came with no symbols of power to denounce them at their own doors. What would New York with her millions of inhabitants do with such a man? What would our own city of San Francisco with her more than half million mixed population and sentiment do with such a man? They would likely throw him into the Bay, or take him in charge by the police. These great cities are not to be insulted by some crack-brained stranger. Surely he could have said, as he likely did, 'It is a useless, dangerous, and disagreeable mission, and I will not go.' Only a complete trust in God and the message could enable him to go. Short of all this, he declined to obey, just as we do. His attitude as a self-willed man increased his inward stress. He had no rest. Opposition to God's will can but break any man's rest, unless it be the rest of moral death. Jonah cannot stay at home for everything reproaches him. He cannot speak for God, and his very silence reproaches him. He could have peace by submission and obedience but for this he is unwilling. So he decides he will go somewhere, he will see the world, he will settle in a new country, he will 'go west.' So he 'rose up to flee unto Tarshish.' This place was once known as Tartessus, in Spain, a town and region lying west of the straits of Gibraltar. How like Jacob's unenviable flight who went a long way around ere he was where God wanted him. A

thousand miles of travel and twenty years in time. So Jonah will go by way of Tarshish ere he shall reach Nineveh. He will take passage in a whale instead of in a decent ship. He will go by submarine instead of on the surface of the deep. There is no use in breaking one of God's laws and then running away. Sin in Galilee is sin in Spain. Crime in Beersheba is crime in Padan-aram. There is no safety in sin and disobedience anywhere or at any fraction of time. Tarshish is under the reaches of God. If it be hard to obey, it is harder not to obey.

II. His Flight. "Jonah will flee. See him coming down from the hills of Zebulun, by way of the plain of Sharon, to the coast. There he is, wandering about the harbor in the most sullen mood. The restless waves beating on the reef out yonder vocalize his unrest of soul. He finds the Phenicians loading a boat for Tarshish, so he pays his fare and embarks for a land where he hopes his God will not find him. But suspicion is aroused. He is silent and shy while neither baggage or attire indicate the merchant or pleasure seeker. We imagine an old 'salt' surveying him, and asking his fellow seamen, 'Who is he?' 'What is he going for?' 'It may be he is a fugitive from justice and we will get into trouble if we carry him.' 'We must know about this before we sail.' So they interview him, and he like an honest man, tells them plainly that he is fleeing from the presence of the Lord. If this is all that is wrong they have no scruples in carrying him. He ought not to flee from his God, of course,

but that is none of their business. If he can risk it, they can. If they do not carry him somebody else will. We are common carriers and it is not our business to inquire over much into the character of our freight. If the law does not require us under risk of damage to do it, all right. Certain men today are more afraid of the police than they are of God. Hear them say, 'Religion is all right enough, to be sure, but business is business. We are in the trade, and we must sell what the people want and what will yield the largest profit. If they want brandy, whisky, beer, or opium, we must sell it. If infidel or immoral publications will find the readiest sale, and afford the largest profit, we might as well publish and sell them, for somebody else will if we don't. We are not responsible for the use people make of them, only so we do not incur the penalty of the law. As for the Divine Law we will risk its penalties.' Satisfaction being rendered to the seamen, Jonah goes below in the ship, for he does not like any further conversation on a subject so annoying to his conscience.

III. The Fugitive Pursued and Overtaken. "Out at sea and all appears to be going well for the time. The Mediterranean is as smooth and beautiful as a sea of molten silver, except the ceaseless swells. But where is Jonah? He is below deck. He is no above board man now. His profession gives him an air of quiet reserve that repels intrusion. So he is left to his slumber. But has he escaped to his own will? No verily for God is sending a

messenger into the sea, that is after him. When God must send after a fugitive it is in no easy way. It is no wonder the mariners were afraid. A storm at sea, wholly apart from moral significance, is a terrible phenomenon. Man seems most lonely and helpless when nothing but the yielding and raging sea is beneath him. The waves came rolling on, great monsters of rage, and with wide mouth and whitened teeth of wrath, were ready to engulf their expected prey. God's messenger found Jonah. He has other messengers that he employs in finding fugitives. A financial panic, the malaria that breeds a storm of sickness; the bearing of a little coffin by stranger hands across the threshold of the home, or the long lingering illness of a wife, may serve as God's messengers to bring wanderers home. Many of God's dear servants can say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted; before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word.' But where is Jonah and what is he doing amid the howling storm, and the confusion of casting the cargo into the sea? He is asleep. He sleeps from weariness and grief. Sleepless nights at home, the long journey on foot to Joppa, had exhausted him so that he must and will sleep. But God sends other messengers after him. Imperiled souls cry to him in his slumber, and ply him with the question, 'What meanest thou, O Sleeper, arise, call upon thy God.' A heathen sailor is made the instrument of not only arousing Jonah from physical sleep, but also from soul slumber. He not only awakens him, but reproves and exhorts him. These perishing

sinners perish while God's prophet sleeps. Is not this painfully suggestive? Certain aspects of heathendom are a rebuke to Christendom. Ancient heathen nations, leaders in science, art, and arms, always acknowledged the superior powers in all the affairs of life. In the senate and the forum, in the public games and on the field of battle, at every feast and funeral, the gods were openly appealed to. Even a Socrates must die if he show impiety toward the gods. The care of pagans to train their children in their religion should shame our carelessness. The Mohammedan will perform his morning devotion regardless of observers, while many in Christendom will omit their duties in the presence of others. Jonah asleep, with the storm raging, was a puzzle to the ship master. To see one indifferent in a time of imminent peril is provoking. An awakened sinner, as a real saint, marvels at the stupidity of the Church, and wonders how Christians can eat and sleep, and attend to their daily work while souls are hanging on the verge of hell. They are ready to say, 'No man careth for my soul.' But there is wonderful power in an awakened sinner to arouse the Church. The sight of an awakened soul anxious for salvation, at once kindles the sympathy of the Church for the one awakened. How humbling this must have been, for Jonah to have been called to duty by a heathen. But the storm was sent for him and he thereby knows that God has not given him over. God permitted trouble and great suffering. But in this peril and suffering he was not alone. He learned that suffering for sin is social.

Thus men suffer as nations, as armies, as families. These sailors thus interpreted this event, and their apprehensions were realized when they cast lots, for the lot fell upon Jonah. He could hide himself no longer. If God sees fit to reveal a man's sin, there is no such thing as concealing it. The lips will be forced to tell it. The actions will show it. Character will bear the stamp of it. If it lies secret now it will come out by and by. There is nothing hid that shall not be revealed. It is wholesome to remember that we are in God's hands. There is but one way to cover sin effectually and that is by the blood of Christ. God will never see it through that blood. Sin is deceitful, it seeks concealment for its commission, but there is only one concealment for it, and that it avoids. Jonah's sin found him out. He can conceal the matter no longer. The lot has revealed him in a way that convinces him that God is in it. Then the sailors ply him with questions, brief, rapid, and numerous. He comes boldly to the front and as a Hebrew he proclaims his God. He will not hide his character as a believer, and pass along as if in no way different from the world. He confesses his God in the face of heathenism. In the face of the gods those heathen mothers had taught their children to worship amid the hills of Iberia, on the plains of Troy, in Illyria, or where Phoenicia had planted the foot of commerce on the shores of Africa. How pertinent the question of the ship master in view of Jonah's profession, or in view of the character of his God. 'Why hast thou done this?' What a searching question to a

Christian soul. There is no answer to it. In view of God's character, how can we slight, disobey, or neglect Him.

IV. His Submission to the Divine Retribution.

"The sea still raged and something must be done. To the inquiry as to what it should be, he answered, 'Take me up and cast me into the sea.' Here was a glorious surrender for a Christian to make. He was ready to lay down his life under the plans of God's providence. He will no longer hesitate, nor shrink from duty. He cares little for his own life if it may be exchanged for the lives of the heathen crew of the ship. He has won peace for he is now at one with God. Storm or calm, praise or blame, life or death are nothing to him now. With submission to God's will he can face anything, even death itself. Jonah's disobedience had occasioned the storm; his dedication to the will of God must allay it. So overboard he goes. He boarded the wrong vessel, so now he will take one that God has built and rigged especially for him.

V. The Rescue. "The Celtic proverb says, 'The darkest hour is just before day.' Matthew Henry said, 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' David said, 'I was brought low and He helped me.' Jonah was brought low. He would go to Nineveh or anywhere else now. God humbles before He exalts. He is as good as dead and so the sailors must have regarded him. This is the point at which God delivers. It was so in the case of Abraham, Israel in Egypt, Gideon's band and Queen Esther. The mode of Jonah's deliverance has been questioned

by infidels and by men of weak faith; but their incredulous inventions require more credulity than the miracle itself. To affirm that no truly scientific men believe in the possibility of miracles, is to affirm an untruth. Among the most truly scientific, careful, inductive reasoners, such as Bacon, Newton, and Faraday, are to be found believers in miracles. Jonah's deliverance displays God's goodness in the midst of merited judgment. He cried unto the Lord from the depths of the sea, and was heard and delivered. Just where this sea monster discharged his precious freight, we do not know, but most likely on the coast of the Mediterranean at or near Joppa.

VI. Jonah's Second Call. "God does not withdraw His hand and leave His work unfinished, whether it be a work of judgment or of mercy. He might have found some other prophet, and relieved Jonah after so rough an experience. But no! He must be disciplined as well as Nineveh saved. God does not chastise and then spoil it all by letting His wayward disciple have his own way. Unless chastisement produces obedience it becomes an evil to the individual. Jonah hears the call again. This time it comes with more definiteness. Before he was to cry **against** Nineveh. Now he is to preach the preaching that Jehovah will give him. He is to go to Nineveh with sealed orders. He will find out what to say when he gets there. How like the apostles, who were to take no thought what or how they were to speak. Both matter and manner were to be left to the occasion. So Jonah was to have

no care about matter or form. His care was to be given to repeating the message faithfully that God gave him. He is not to add nor diminish. He could have no responsibility as to results, because he is to have no liberty as to the message. This is a very plain path; for there can be no doubt as to what God requires. Can we affirm that the Christian minister is less plainly addressed? He is not left to choose the doctrine, or system of doctrine he shall teach. He is not to preach whatever he or his fellowmen may think beneficial, but The Word, the revelation given him by God. When he does this he preaches the preaching that God bids him, and may leave the result with God, and thus be freed from personal anxiety. If he modifies to suit the tastes of his hearers, he assumes a terrible responsibility—responsibility involving the souls of those entrusted to him, and also his own obedience. Nineveh will only want to hear of God's goodness, not of wrath and destruction. So in Israel, those settled on their lees will dislike to hear any rebuke. Worldly conformity, covetousness, and any reference to cross bearing, will not be preferred. The demand is 'Speak for us smooth things.' But how can the servant of the Lord please the people, if so be that God is displeased with them? He carries the word of the Lord in his heart, if he be obedient, as peacefully as a child, although it is like thunder and lightning. Jonah is told the second time that Nineveh is a great city, and he finds it so. It was not only great in its material proportions, but more especially in the number of souls that it embraced.

Not only a vast population but serious and baffling moral problems were involved. Worlds and suns and satellites are the merest vanities compared with what loves or hates God, serves or rebels against Him, enjoys or quales before Him, and that eternally. We do not adequately realize the greatness of a soul before Him. The gift of Jesus discloses God's estimate of the value of human souls, each in peril of eternal ruin and yet each a subject of possible salvation. Surely only God can comprehend how great is such a city.

VII. The Solemn Message. "Jonah spent no time in sight seeing or pleasure seeking. He at once entered upon his duty. He had enough experience in the line of delay, so he began his brief and distinct outcry. 'Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed.' Crowds surround him, listen to his message, follow him along the street for a time and then disperse, carrying troubled countenances away with them. Crowd after crowd thus form and disperse, until a cloud of thick, heavy gloom settles down on the people of the great city. The message is so short and so incisive. It contains not the slightest hint as to how it shall be accomplished, or as to what it will include. Whether its buildings—its walls and towers, its palaces and hovels, are to be demolished, or whether its liberty is to be overthrown, or the lives of its citizens are to be taken, all remain in mere conjecture. But how is it to be accomplished, they might well ask of one another? Is it by an invasion of a foreign foe? Is it by conspiracy and revolt within the walls

of the city, by the myriads of slaves and captives that have been oppressed by their masters? Is it by the river Tigris turning its flood upon us? Is it by fire from heaven, as the cities of the plain were destroyed? Is it to be by an earthquake that will break everything into atoms? Is it to be by the pestilence that walketh in darkness, disguising itself in the air we breathe or the water we drink, only waiting its time to commence its dreadful work of death? Who knows? Only forty days and this ruin will begin.

VIII. The Glorious Result of this Preaching.

“The people of Nineveh believed God, proclaimed a fast, put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even unto the least of them. This was a mighty revolution. No mere social reforms ever secured such results. There was no strife or blood, but the work did not want in thoroughness. The hand of oppression must have grown light, and avarice must have loosed its grip. Before the gaping jaws of this terrible destruction sensuality chilled with dread, and dishonesty cowered beneath its own conscious meanness. This mighty revolution in its wide encircling sweep was the effect of simply believing God. How all manner of corruption dries up under a genuine faith. What public and private evils would be cured if men believed God! The wonder is not that Nineveh repented so suddenly, but that we, of this day, are so slow, stupid, and stubborn. Not only did the people move under the voice of doom that echoed through the streets of the great city, but the King arose from his throne,

laid aside imperial robes for the garments of mourning and takes the place of a true penitent. I am sure that the ashes and sackcloth of true repentance are seldom seen in the parlors of luxury and the palaces of state in modern times. The Bible says, 'Not many mighty, not many noble are called.' How thankful we should be for the letter 'm' in this text. It does not say, 'Not any,' but 'Not Many.' There is a gleam of hope rising in these darkened minds. 'Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not?' Surely this hope did not spring from anything in the message. It was all darkness. 'Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown.' It must have come from human nature. 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast.' But the city went into a veritable revolution, and God never destroys a repenting people. Nineveh cancels overthrow by its mighty reformation. There is always hope for the truly penitent. But strange as it may appear Jonah is in great displeasure. He should have been in great joy when a whole city turned to God and was saved. How to account for this strange temper of mind, is not, under the circumstances the easiest thing to do. While we cannot justify Jonah, yet we must deal justly with him. We must not think him a monster like Nero, delighting himself in the destruction of mankind. Nor must we think him wholly selfish in this having regard alone to his reputation which seemed endangered when his prophecy failed of confirmation. Neither should we push the words

displeased and angry to their full limit. If he were thus angry at God, he would hardly go to him, as he does, in prayer. 'And Jonah was grieved a great grief, and was confounded.' He was an Israelite, and zealous for his own country and people. He now feared that this heathen power would be spared by reason of their penitence, and that his own apostate people would be rotted up. It is in this narrowness of mind, possibly, Jonah's trouble was located. Is not this feeling modern? When appeals are made for aid to missions are we not sometimes met with 'Charity begins at home?' 'The heathen are at our own doors.' Do we not hear complaints against God's providence or grace? Is not Jonah's spirit that of churchly sectarianism? Do we never narrow down the work of the Lord to our own denomination? We have here a clear case of self-will, for while Jonah does not mean to quarrel with God outright yet he seeks to justify himself; he will insist upon it that he is right. He calls up the past and reminds the Lord of what he had told Him, when he was yet in his own country. What a hateful spirit this! How disagreeable such a man. He cannot be taught for he knows it already. He cannot be corrected for he never confessed to error. At the loss of friends, or even some less valuable earthly good, have we never nursed a sad despondency, which could only be justified on the supposition that God was dealing unwisely or unkindly with us? Jonah reached such a pitch of petulancy that, if he could not see his own views carried out in the world he would rather see no more of it. The Lord has a

gentle rebuke for Jonah. 'Dost thou well to be angry?' Conscience is here set at work. It is well for us that God questions us. Several such questions are asked in the Bible.

IX. God's Care Under Trial. "In his moodishness, Jonah retires from the city, makes himself a booth and sits down under it, to see what will become of Nineveh. The sun being very hot, God prepared a shade for his servant. Jonah was exceedingly glad for this comfort. What a seeming trifle over which to rejoice! Jonah is at variance with his God so he prizes extremely this external possession. His empty heart turns to an inanimate plant. How much affection is squandered on subordinate good that should be given to God. How very poor is that soul that lives without communion with God! What a type of selfishness is here found. Jonah rejoices in his ease while a whole city is trembling in the balance of divine justice. If they are yet to perish, how insensible the heart that can turn its thoughts from such a scene to contemplate a gourd. How incongruous this state of mind as related to either the loss or the deliverance of the great city. But Jonah's gladness like all mere earthly joy, was of short duration. The morning witnessed the ruin of his cherished source of delight. His plant is withering and dying. The east wind and the scorching sun are on. 'Inordinate affections prepare the way for inordinate afflictions.' Those who set their affections on a gourd, are likely to find the worm at the root. The happiness that depends on earthly good is of little worth.

X. The Divine Pity. "The pulpit is sometimes censured for not denouncing some special sins. But it must be remembered that the grosser vices are not very largely represented in the regular hearers of the Gospel; also that those demanding that special sins be fulminated against, are those who feel reasonably safe from the hurtling arrows of truth, by reason of their happening to be in quarters where the archer does not shoot. It is true that when the pulpit has given all the credit it can for morality, it still finds enough to cry against. But this credit it should give. If you can convince a man that his best is bad, he will surely stand convinced of his worst. God does not denounce Jonah for his worst feelings, but He lays hold of his best. He says to him, 'Thou hast had pity on the gourd.' How Jonah must have seen himself as never before. How he had wronged God in his thoughts. How striking the contrast suggested by the Lord's words, between the plant which Jonah pities, and Nineveh which God pities. This gourd had cost Jonah no labor, and he had only a days time for the formation of attachment to it. God bestows pity where goodness and values justify."

A minister who heard Bishop Castle give this sermon to an Annual Conference declares that at its close the men would have gone to the ends of the earth.

CHAPTER IX.

Passion for Education.

As I have pointed out, the educational advantages of institutions of learning, were all but denied to Bishop Castle, and to his great regret. His driving hunger for learning was life long and his gifts to students and colleges were of exceptional generosity. When the Bishop began his work on the Pacific Coast, Woodbridge Seminary, located at Woodbridge, California, was a going institution. He was invited to deliver the address at the opening of the school year, September 10, 1875. The address follows:

“Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The presence of so many persons in this hall tonight on the occasion of the opening of this Seminary, in the interest of education, betokens the favor of the people to an enterprise of this kind. I count myself happy in being accorded the favorable opportunity that now affords, for offering a humble plea in behalf of Christian education. I could wish, for your sake and for the sake of the interest you represent, that the privilege of the hour could be utilized by one more felicitous of expression, more profound in research, and more cogent in reasoning—one better fitted by actual drill and experience in the very line of your contemplated work—but in such ways as we can serve you on the present occasion you shall most cheerfully have our service. The hour that now offers may cer-

tainly be regarded as an eventful one in the history of the California Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. You stand at the very threshold of an enterprise that demands your sincere and profound gratitude, for the very generous impulse that has brought it to your favorable notice and final acceptance; and that will also demand your most prudent management and unstinted support. The presence of this fine magnificent hall, offered so munificently to your acceptance and occupancy, valuable as it is, is of only very comparative interest, when held in comparison with other interests, that must press themselves upon your attention ere many years have glided into the past. Surely we may congratulate ourselves that ours is the day when some three hundred American colleges are shedding their radiance upon the surrounding darkness as the result of the interest that the Christian Church has taken in the work of education.

“How in contrast with that now remote day, when the darkness that had for ages oppressed Palestine, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, was relieved by only a few feeble intellectual rays of light, and then only for a very brief period of time! How blessed that we are not in the position of the western portion of the Roman Empire, when in the fifth century, numerous hordes of barbarians from the northern and eastern portions of Europe and the northwestern parts of Asia, overran her territory, and very nearly annihilated every monument of art and science that then existed. Wherever these

hordes marched, their course was marked with devastation and with blood. No difference was made between what was sacred and what was profane, between what was barbarous and what was refined.

"A long night of a thousand years hung over the classic land—a night so densely dark that not a ray of light shot athwart the murky gloom, to relieve the gross darkness that blinded the people. During this period many of the most distinguished could neither read nor write. Even many of the clergy did not understand the common prayer book which they were accustomed to daily recite, and some were scarcely able to read it. It was in this remote age and in this mental night that the practice of making a cross for signature originated. Persons who could not write their own names signed the cross instead. Charters are still in existence which were confirmed by kings and persons of great eminence by affixing the "sign of the cross." There is a Cross that blends all ages into one, of which we may make our boast, but it is not this cross of darkness and ignorance. A tinge of sorrow comes over the heart at the remembrance that this cross of ignorance has been allowed to come down to our times. We pity the victims of it, and hope that it may never descend to a later generation.

"It was not until the darkness of monkish superstition gave way that we see the spirit of civil and religious liberty snapping the fetters that bound it, and at once employing her freedom in founding seminaries of learning. Following these we mark

important discoveries—the mariner's compass, the art of printing, truer methods of philosophizing, and the rising of brilliant intellectual stars in the realm of the physical sciences. Even the French Revolution with all its heart-sickening and heart appalling scenes of blood and dire oppression set the stream of knowledge flowing with an accelerated progress, reaching as not before, the middle and lower classes of society. Many of the nations of Europe had been long oppressed by systems of tyranny and superstition, which systems had grown hoary with age and gigantic in form, and were sighing for relief. The moment came under the disenthralment of intellect, when these nations stood with bated breath and with frenzied attitude, in the presence of tyrannical kings and popes, ready at a word to strike for the liberty whose light they now saw dawning upon them.

“But vast as the contrast is between that day and ours, and broad and deep as is the chasm that intervenes, it is still possible to increase the separation in more substantial and conscious ways than simply chronologically. Vast fields of cumulative knowledge lie in the way of open paths of investigation and patient research. The figure and magnitude of the world we live in; its vast seas and rivers; its broad continents and fertile islands; its various races of men and species of animals, together with the various gases that surround them and keep them in being; the general government of the natural world; the chemical combinations that are actual and possible; the action and interaction, the

dependence and interdependence of the planetary and stellar systems; the processes of reasoning; the various systems of divinity; ethical science, together with many other subjects of deep interest, are challenging the admiration and the acquisitive powers of man.

“Nor are all the wonders confined to the natural or physical world. There is an assemblage of mind powers or of mental forces, which must expend themselves in some direction, and be promotive of some great interest, or else waste in mere aimless effeminacy. These powers, if developed, can determine with a marvelous degree of precision and accuracy the laws, magnitudes, and movements of the heavenly bodies; can put the planets in scales and weigh them; can fathom many of the secret springs of animate and inanimate creation; can put the lightnings to service in inventions of intelligence and profit; can make thoroughfares out of the pathless ocean and the regions where the clouds float; and then above, beyond, and better than all, can form an endless relationship with the felicitous eternities beyond.

“But how best to direct these mental forces during the period of development, is the question that seems most suggestive at this point of our inquiry. It is the duty of the Christian Church to promote and direct in the development of these mental forces, especially in the case of her own sons and daughters. This matter is not optional with the Church. In 1526 Martin Luther laid down the following axiomatic proposition: ‘Government, as the natural

guardian of all the young, has the right to compel the people to support schools.' He argued the proposition in the following terse style: 'What is necessary to the well being, that should be supported by those who enjoy the privileges of the State. Now nothing is more necessary than the training of those who are to come after us and bear rule.' This proposition issued in what is known as the Saxon free school system. This ray of light shot across the North Sea and fell upon Scotland, and John Knox threw his eloquent plea and advocacy in its favor. This clearly commits the honor of the free school system to the Church. To be sure this system as originated had some inconveniences about it that made it in a measure impractical in this country, hence we must look for the truer model of this system to Hartford, Connecticut.

"The educational work can never be divorced from the influence, comradeship, and power of the Christian Church. Every educational enterprise must rest on some secure foundation. What is that foundation? It is not alone, or even primarily State legislation. Legislation, however good, must find its support in the conscience and character of the citizen. Whenever a nation legislates beyond the ordinary level of its moral life, both it and its statute book will relapse into an inferior morality. To sustain the right, there must be a deep, far-reaching, underlying conviction of right, in the heart of every citizen. Without this, law has no source of appeal. It is the morality that Christianity

inculcates, and not the wealth of our cities or the strength of our armies, that is to keep secure to us our wealth of privilege and liberty. Remove this morality, then with a standing army in every State, a constable at every crossing of roads, and a policeman at every corner of the streets of your towns and cities, the unholy and unrestrained will of man would lead off in a riot of lust and blood, sap the foundations of the State, corrupt the individual citizen, and rob the nation of its rights and handicap its progress. The only secure foundation on which any system of education can rest is the character of the people, and that character is something that is formed by the Church.

“The American College is emphatically a child of the Church, and that child in turn is emphatically a help to the mother, as it is emphatically her child. The schools and colleges of this country, with scarcely an exception, owe their very origin to the Church. This is very natural, for Christianity is of the mind and heart, and not of mere form and ceremonies. It saves man from within, and hence is concerned for everything that reaches his mind, his spiritual being.

“No sooner were the apostles away from the scene of evangelistic action than the Church began to found schools at Jerusalem and Alexandria. These were for the promotion of intelligence among the clergy. Whatever light survived the darkness of the middle ages shone from the schools established by the pious princes of that day, such as Charlemagne and Alfred. When the eclipse passed off,

schools multiplied in England, France, and Italy, established and nurtured by the Church. Thus Cambridge and Oxford came into existence. Zeal for religion and love of learning united, and college after college was added to the venerable institutions. When the founders of Harvard College began that far-seeing and self-denying enterprise, they expressed their motive in the following language: 'Dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our ministers shall lie in the dust.' What noble words! Yale College, founded for the colony of Connecticut, was an enterprise of and for ministers. So of Princeton College founded by a Synod of New York; so of Dartmouth College. Amherst grew out of a charity school. It was born of the prayers and baptized with the tears of devout hearts. It was built by small contributions and by great personal effort of its friends. It was one of the earliest institutions that grew up under the influence of the foreign missionary enterprise. Western Reserve College was founded by domestic missionaries, and designed to aid in furnishing pastors for the infant church on the reserve. The site of Wabash College was dedicated to God in prayer, by its founders kneeling upon the snow in the wilds of a dense forest.

"This record could be extended, but it would be largely a repetition, as all or nearly all of the institutions which have lived and flourished have been established by the various religious denominations of this country. Let infidelity, or irreligion, or no religion, point out a successful enterprise of this

kind. Political sages may plan the enterprise; the wealth and power of the State foster it, but without the sanction of religion it cannot be well managed or governed. Christianity may be hated in itself, but its genuine and stirring morality is welcomed by the parents and guardians of the young in preference to infidelity or impiety.

“The various leading denominations of this country have flourishing institutions of learning in well nigh every State in this Union, but where has infidelity a single successful enterprise of this kind? This fact seems the more remarkable when viewed in the light of the voluntary system under which the Church carries her enterprises forward. If she were enriched by State patronage, she might well be expected to do this work and on a much grander scale than she has, but when the movements are all voluntary, it must be confessed to be most wonderful. The college, then, owes all that she has and all that she is, even to her very existence, to the Church.

“We come now with a brief inquiry as to how this daughter of the Church has rewarded this bestowment and existence and this lavish support—whether there has been any return of filial love and service. The influence of the college in favor of the Church cannot be easily estimated.

“**First.** It is no small thing to the Church that so many trained teachers have gone forth from these institutions to mold and give tone to public sentiment in the great circles of public life and influence. Many of the lawyers and physicians of the country

have come from these Christian Colleges. All but ten of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were trained in the universities and colleges. More than one-fourth of the members of the National Congress from the beginning to this day have been graduates of American colleges. This fact taking the ratio of population and graduates, shows that the colleges have given their graduates more than thirty chances to one.

“Second. Then quite a large percent of the ministry have come from these centers of influence and power. During the colonial period the infant Church looked to men to serve them that had been educated abroad, but it was not long until the wilderness had begun to bud and blossom as the rose, for very soon Harvard and Yale began to anticipate the wants of the Churches and to supply them with pious and trained young men. These institutions seemed signally owned of the Lord in their founding and early history. It is said that more than half of the graduates of Harvard College for the first thirty years became ministers of the Gospel. Nearly three-fourths of the graduates of Yale College for the first twelve years of its existence became ministers. The record of these two colleges is the record of all. Of the thirty-five thousand graduates of Amherst College up to 1846, eight or nine thousand,—nearly one-fourth—became ministers. Who can estimate the mighty power of the balance of this great army of learned men that went everywhere doing good? The great and good men who stood in the twilight and then in the full

glare of the risen sun of the Reformation—Wickliffe and Huss, Rucklin and Erasmus, Luther and Melancthon, Tyndall and Bilney, Lattimer and Knox—were men of the universities. It was while they were in these places of preparation that light dawned upon their benighted souls, and it was from these places that many of them hurled their arrows of truth at the mystery of iniquity—the beast of corruption. Methodism may be traced back to the University of Oxford, where the shadow of the great and good John Wesley still lingers. Gathering about him were Hervey and Whitfield, whose heavenly meditations and seraphic eloquence have issued in waking thousands from the sleep of sin to the bright visions of the heavenlies. Claudius Buchan, author of ‘The Star in the East,’ and one of the pioneers in the work of missions to India, received his training at Cambridge.

“**Third.** American missions may be said in some sense to have been born of college life, for the rooms and fields about Williams College were hallowed by the prayers of devoted young men who had their hearts set on doing some great things for the Kingdom of Christ. It was here that Samuel J. Mills felt the holy thrill that set him on fire for the salvation of India. That historic haystack among the Berkshire Hills in the vicinity of Williams College, is more deserving of the visits of Christian pilgrims than Bunker Hill, Waterloo, or Austerlitz. Oh! for the Spirit of Mills and the rest of that devoted band to come upon the Churches of America! Not only have American missionaries as a rule, been

graduates of American colleges, but, with mere exceptions, they have consecrated themselves to their work while yet within college walls.

“Fourth. Revivals of religion issuing in the conversion of thousands of souls annually, have usually attended these colleges. It has been estimated that one revival of religion, which occurred in Yale College under the presidency of Dr. Dwight raised up ministers that were instrumental in the conversion of fifty thousand souls in a single generation. The mother of Rev. John Newton, a pious woman of the south of England, died when he was but seven years old, leaving him only the memory of her religious teaching and goodness. At an early age he became a dissipated sailor. The memory of his mother brought him to himself and started a stream of influence that laves the very throne of God. It was through his influence that Claudius Buchan was converted; it was also through his influence that Thomas Scott, the great commentator was converted; through him Cowper was lifted from a fit of melancholy, and his harp made melodious with holy accents. Wilberforce felt the shock of this wave of heavenly life, and the abolition of the slave trade was the indirect result. He wrote his ‘Practical View of Christianity.’ He reached Leigh Richmond, the author of “The Dairyman’s Daughter,” and back of all this stands the mother of John Newton.

“To conclude. The cry comes, ‘Educate!’ Popular opinion says, that if we would uplift society, we must train and develop the intellectual man. So

I say. But how? That mere mental culture separated from the moral and religious, will do this uplifting which is so much needed, we most unquestionably deny. Intellect can never be safely divorced from conscience. When so divorced it will dive headlong from God and goodness. The more the intellect is cultivated to the neglect of the heart, the more power it has for evil and the more rapidly it will follow in the pursuit of it. In proof of this, turn to a fragment of history connected with continental India. Within the last half century a number of schools were established under the auspices of Lord Ellinboro in opposition to the system of evangelical missions, which were intended to exhibit this mode of evangelization to the world as an utter failure. In order to do this, Christianity was wholly ignored in these schools. The schools, so far as secular learning is concerned, were a success. They brought out intellectual culture to a very perfect analysis, and India's sons could speak our language with great elegance and precision. But what was the result of this godless education? This: They had no sooner accomplished their education than they not only spurned Christianity, but also rejected Brahminism, the religion of their own country, and procuring the books of Voltaire, Hume, Bolingbroke and others, became the propagandists of the principles of infidelity. This is the record of every such enterprise known to history.

“Now what say United Brethren as to where their sons and daughters shall be educated? Will they provide the means of their education, or will they

send them away to be trained where Christianity is only a mere incidental thing—a sort of complimentary appendage to the institution of learning?

“If there is a government on the face of the earth that should be interested deeply in education it is the American government and people. Here every man is a sovereign. When we go to the ballot box ignorance has the same power as intelligence. A seriously large percentage of the voting population of this country cannot read the names of the candidates they vote for. How long can a nation escape the sponge of God’s wrath by which He wipes nations from His map of creations if it persist in exercising high prerogatives in willful ignorance? Our danger is when great issues are committed to votes and mere numbers determine. Universal suffrage implies universal education.

“But not only does the political security of a nation depend on the intelligence of its citizens but also its wealth. Why have not these roaming tribes of Indians grown wealthy in this land of gold? Here were the hills and mountains stored with minerals and metals awaiting discovery and use. Of what value to the wild savage are the forests in which he roams, or the mountains of brass and copper, and iron on which he treads, destitute as he is of science and educated art, by which alone these can be converted into use and comfort? To what do we owe the sickle, the plow, the reaper, the shuttle, the loom; to what the ships, the telegraph, the railroad, and the thousand useful things that add to our comfort in ways we cannot appreciate, much less

name, but to educated minds? If educated mind has given us all these inventions—great and mighty sources of wealth—then there is nothing truer than that illiteracy is one of the prolific sources of pauperism.

“The report of nine establishments for the support of paupers shows forty percent of illiteracy in these institutions. This being true may it not be a fair inference that forty percent of our pauperism is attributable to want of moral and intellectual training? Then, if this be true, it as logically follows that forty percent of our expenditures on account of pauperism is chargeable to the same source. In the State of Indiana, for the year 1870, near a quarter million of dollars were expended in care of the poor, showing that it cost more to maintain a pauper than to educate a child. The community owes it to itself as a matter of economy and safety to educate its youth.

“The question with the Church, whether she will educate or not, is not a matter of policy or expediency, but of life or death. No Church can long survive the crushing, blighting, enervating influence of ignorance in the body of its membership. The demands for culture come from every quarter of the globe and from every profession known to civilization. It is an absolute prerequisite to an honorable and remunerative relation with the business world. Ignorance imposes a barrier that no amount of resistance can overcome. As already indicated, the growth of the Church in a very important sense depends upon the extent and efficiency of its educa-

tional equipment. Education is development. Development is growth, and growth is the law of acquiring a measure of perfection; hence, to educate in the deeper and broader sense, is to fulfill an apostolic injunction, 'Go on unto perfection.' 'Study to show thyself a workman approved unto God.'

"All science is a unit, and whether we apply our minds to its study in the natural or the supernatural, we must reach the inevitable conclusion of sameness as to authenticity. Revealed religion has to deal with the very sources and elements of natural science. Our first consciously rational conceptions of it, come through material agents which appeal to the external sense, and for the most part conform to the character of these agents. Hence the too physical character of much of the moral philosophy of this age. Religion becomes purely a life of doing and heaven simply a place of living. We start in the rudimental. But how can the natural sciences become stepping stones to the higher—the moral and spiritual sciences—unless we make them subjects of study? The Church should lead the way. If she leaves the educational work to the world it will not be long until she will find hidden away in her own ranks the most polished instruments of self destruction. Taking her defendants and advocates from the schools of impiety, she will find the warfare carried on by such weapons as God never put in His armory, and defeat, the inevitable result. May the divine blessing be upon the Faculty, the Board of Managers, Students and Patrons, of Woodbridge Seminary."

CHAPTER X

Miscellaneous.

In looking over the manuscripts left by Bishop Castle I have found a number of brief compositions that are, notwithstanding their brevity, very worth while and extremely interesting. They should not be left unreleased and certain of them are therefore inserted in this chapter. He wrote keenly on the subject of stewardship and all that is here brought forward is pertinent I am sure. Watch the stride of the great mind.

"If it were not that I feared the result of the showing, and that somebody would shout, 'Ah, now you wish us to sound a trumpet before us when we do alms, so that we may be seen of men,' I would like to vote the Church on the question of tithing. I would like to say, 'Now, as many as favor giving at least one-tenth of the annual income to the Lord's cause, show your hands.' How many hands think you would go up? How many of our people have anything like a fixed system in giving a portion of their wealth to religious ends? It seems to me that our method of giving as a denomination, is a chapter of accidents, an aimless, unpurposed affair, and that until we have a more definite system we may expect to be water-logged, loaded down to the gun-wale with various kinds of church debts.

"To begin with, I wish some one would take the floor and explain to the satisfaction of all concerned,

why some of us are so thin-skinned and utterly intolerant on the subject of money giving. Why such a recoil from a subscription paper? Why such trembling and agitation under the errand of soliciting aid, and such stammering out the statement of what is needed for our great causes? If giving is a Christian duty, and soliciting contributions for Kingdom promotion, then this reluctance is utterly unworthy of a manly following of Christ. Why should anyone make this matter awkward or embarrassing? God loves a cheerful giver. Does anyone prefer not to be a giver? Does anyone wish to be a reluctant giver under the Christian statement as to stewardship? Can one selfishly refusing to give, coach himself into saying, 'I know I am loved of the Lord'?

"In the Sermon on the Mount, prayer and almsgiving stand side by side. Why should I feel humiliated in asking money of a Christian any more than asking him to lead in prayer? In the light of the Gospel we may stand up just as unfrightened in talking about giving money as about going to glory when the night of life is here. Why should not this duty of giving be faced in an intelligent and manly way? We often hear the question asked of the solicitor, 'Well, about how much ought I to give?' Why shirk the duty of investigation? The divine direction is, 'Every man, according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give.' It is every man's duty to purpose what he will give, and not leave it to the impulse or caprice of the occasion to determine. Some persons pay what they are

rated in a given instance, and go their way until they are again seized upon by the canny measures of the next solicitor.

“Such a system of benevolence must be the merest run-of-luck affair. Whatever of gracefulness there may be in it, there is certainly no grace in it. If it becomes my duty to give only when I am wrought up in my feelings by startling, blood curdling pictures of need, then I may be justly exonerated from giving when the matter is tamely put. If I have to be inveigled into giving by some stratagem of the orator, I am no more entitled to the credit of being generous, than the unhistoric fish which Peter caught at our Lord’s command, and forced to disgorge the tax money that had been miraculously placed there beforehand. But for this forced contribution to a pressing need, this fish would never have been known. So with thousands of contributors to the cause of God. They first have to be caught by some sort of circumvention or diplomatic measures, then, by a strange process of percolation, are led to unclutch their far too ravenous hold on God’s share of the inheritance.

“System in giving is the secret of success. Percentage is the readiest rule for all emergencies. It is elastic, and can easily be made to apply in all needed directions. It was the rule in Old Testament times. Are we, under grace, not yet up to the Jew under the law? If the Lord has any claim on the annual income of His people, how many of them, as individuals, have settled what that claim is? Is it not our duty to settle it? How can we honestly

discharge the claim when we do not know what it is? How can we go any further without knowing? I have no more right to take God's money to pay my debts or to run my enterprises with, than I have to take my neighbor's. I submit the question to my brethren, both in the ministry and in the laity, Do you know what percent of your annual income you devote to religious purposes? If not, should we be ignorant in a matter about which it may be so easy to be informed? As ministers how can we urge the people forward in a matter where our own example is so utterly at fault? The Church is struggling with debts, every one of which could be paid off any day, and no one lose a single meal or be deprived of a single essential comfort. It is not lack of financial ability. The Church is abundantly able. A fixed percentage in giving would bring poor and rich alike to bear his proportionate share of the responsibility."

Bishop Castle was a strong comforter in times of sorrow. In the spring of 1892, Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Bartmess, of Buchanan, Michigan, lost a beautiful daughter by unexpected death. The Bishop addressed the following letter:

"Dear Brother and Sister Bartmess:

If it be not too late to add my word of condolence to the many words of thoughtful sympathy that must have reached you ere this, I wish to do myself the credit, if no help to you, of coming in and sitting down with you beneath the cypress, and neath its shadow look up to the sunlit hills, where the beautiful gates on

golden hinges turning, so recently swung their welcome to your angel girl. Her feet too pure to tread earth's dusty highway, must walk on golden sands; her spirit, too immaculate for time's dwellers, must have angel company.

"The mystery, of this your trial, has no explanation from earth. Only God must speak here; reason cannot. Reason can but be silent. 'He who does not lose his reason in certain things, has none to lose,' says Lessing. God's word has inexhaustible comfort, as well as explanation. When earthly sources and hopes fail, we must come to a heavenly reliance. When earthly situations prove insecure, then we must cry, 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.' When the heaving billows rock and wreck our frail craft, then we want some rock that will hold if we cling. No true believer will carp at, or ridicule, that saying concerning Christ's note of the sparrow's fall, or His counting the hairs of our head. Here our tossing ark of faith may rest on this great Arrarat, with the wild whirl of the waters around us. Here is where we instinctively turn to the Cross. The aching heart welcomes familiar truths in that old familiar Book. It is the heart, after all, that makes the theologian; for even a broken heart some times gains firmest and clearest hold of truth. There is an intimate connection between trial and truth. A tear drop is one of the most powerful of lenses. Look at truth through such a lense and a world of wonders will appear.

"One member of your family safe. Is this nothing? Heaven dearer now because it is the homeland

where your darling has gone to live. Heaven to the Christian is a native land. Christ was born from that country. We will not be at home until we are there. May you be comforted by the promises you have so often given to others.

Believe me your friend and brother,
N. Castle."

On one occasion the Bishop was making a plea for Christian morality and Education in which he said: "Individual and national safety inhere in moral purity. Where is the land that gave the world an Aristotle, a Pericles, a Homer? Where are those ancient republics, with all their glory of art, of song, of eloquence? Let Athens and Sparta answer, let Venice and Florence speak, let Egypt, Babylonia, Italy, and Greece together tell. Take away from this fair land of Washington the moral sentiments that are the direct product of religion and religious education, and civil liberty is without defense and man without freedom. While there is no serious dearth of colleges and schools, there is a lack in many of them of genuine, New Testament Christianity,—a Christianity that is democratic, ignoring caste, demanding equality of right for all and of all, non-proscriptive and humanity-broad,—a Christianity demanding right instead of expediency, conscience instead of policy, law instead of license, honor instead of wealth. Let us recall that if Herborn, on the Dille, never furnished another Christian scholar to the world but Philip William Otterbein, it has an imperishable shrining in the tender memories and sacred biographies of a growing

Church. Nothing but the institutions of Christian learning can give the world such a president as James A. Garfield, or such a woman as Frances E. Willard, nor span the chasm between the African dwarf and the giant Stanley. No better use of money is possible than the promotion of such institutions."

Bishop Castle became forever wedded to the Pacific States. Catch the glow of his great soul in these words of such rare beauty. "My mind is redolent of the past. Tender messengers, all alertly active, from behind the screen or out of the crypt of glided years, pull at my sleeve in gentle detention as I hasten back to renew the flowerlets in urns now growing time-distant. No land beneath the stars is as dear to me as that along whose shores the swash of the sea is ever melodious, and through which great rivers hunt their way to oblivion in the wide waste of weltering waters. Its wild regions of woodland, river, lake, and treeless wolds, heaths and downs, its sunny nooks, its beetling cliffs, its magnificent resources, its favorable climatic influence, its devoted and adventurous people, its heroic and consecrated ministry, together with the best and most satisfactory years of ministerial life spent in it, make it a land not long out of mind. If my life were renewed to its best, and then duplicated a hundred fold, I would choose that field for life's adventurous day, and its dust for my pillow in death's quiet sleep.

"It is a beautiful homeland. When we in the east are snowbound and ice fettered, this is a land of

growing grass, pastoral herds, warbling birds, and blooming flowers. The Japan Current of the Pacific Ocean so tempers the atmosphere that fruits and vegetables are seldom in peril in any kind of exposure. Fence this land from other States and countries, and its people could live in independent luxury. Its cereals, vegetables, fruits, forests, mines, and fisheries, make it a marvel of desirability."

On a New Year Day the Bishop wrote as follows: "Time flies! Eternity nears! Another year gone! Since December snows wrapped the earth in their silvery mantle one year ago, winter, with its glacial fetters and icy breath, has given place to spring; spring, with its budding flora and roaming herds, has ripened into the richer bloom and foliage of summer; summer, in turn, has dropped her wealth of fruit and verdure into the lap of autumn; and autumn, finally, old, frost-bitten, and shivering, has abdicated its seared throne, and now lies buried amid the ruins of the old year.

"How fast the pendulum of time swings! How stealthily the year goes by! Listen as we will, we never catch the sound of its footfalls; yet we know it goes persistently treading on. There is no power to either retard or accelerate its march. Twelve little months ago it set out on that peerless flight that has encircled in its sweep events manifold and commemorative. How many voices coming from the altar and the grave flood the heart with the tenderest sensibilities. Many who began the old year with as bright prospects of life as we who greet

the new, are now among the redeemed. Their feet now tread the streets of the upper city. They are at home with Jesus. What a triumph!

"One of these, dying in Dennison, Iowa, said: 'I think I am dying. Yes, this is death! God has revealed it to me; I must go. You will take the loved ones what I would love to give. I am too weary to talk. Good-night, good-night, good-night. Come, Jesus, take me to thy loving arms. Come quickly; do not tarry; come.' Then came a sweet, loving, parting look; then turning the eyes heavenward, and catching a glimpse of the city of the redeemed, she said, 'Royal! Royal! Royal!' The eyes close, the voice fails; she whispers, 'Royal! Royal!' and is gone. Such is the final end of one who wrought with unabated zeal in the work of spreading Scriptural holiness in the cities and on the plains of California and Arizona. Who would not like to die such a death?

"Let us think. We will not all live to see the close of the present year. The feet of some are already trenching on the land eternal. Already the boom of the billows tells of the nearing reef. We are all on ship board. We may be wrecked in an hour's time. The elements have the advantage. Hope is gone. Prepare for the plunge. Do you call this getting serious? Ay! Let it be so. 'Tis time to be serious. It is no time to joke about Neptune, and one's quarters down in the saltish waves. Jibe others if you can; you will not make yourself a hero thereby. He who refuses to own his own anxiety in such a matter is simply and really a coward.

Sensibility at this point is a very proper state of mind. The stoic is an infidel. Stolidity is stupidity; dullness is deadness. All should be anxious inquirers. Who is not afraid at times that his weak faith shall fail him? It is when most alarmed that we feel most assured. It is with fear and trembling that we are to work out our salvation. If no more, there ought to be in every sanctuary where the Word of the Lord is preached at least one anxious inquirer—the man in the pulpit.

“Hannah Moore once wrote to John Newton, ‘In some of the most profligate places we had most success; and where we chiefly fail is with our pretty good kind of people who do not see how they need to be made any better.’ ‘Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.’

“Who has not a scar, a limp, may be a broken spirit, as the result of some spiritual catastrophe? Who has not had sorrow and grief? A mother has gone, a father is dead; a child is truant; a friend is false; business crashed; a fortune wrecked; and want, grim and gaunt stands at the door. Let not courage fail. Up and at it again, tooth and nail. Take a new start. No life can fail that can take such a start. The spot of the heaviest misfortune and hardest trial may finally glow with the beauty of the ruby and the amethyst. It will kindle the sweetest song on your lips that ever thrilled atmosphere celestial. We may yet praise God for our misfortunes. If there is pulse at the heart, glow on the cheek, fire in the eye, strength in the bones, steel in the will, then rise and be going, for the pluck

is unbroken. Let us walk heedfully. A Moses fails of admission to Canaan, and a Paul through unwariness, might have been a castaway. Who, as the year changes, does not with the poet desire to

‘Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I’m nearer home—
Nearer now than I think!’

For a Christmas Day he wrote: “Yes, the Prince of Glory has come. The centuries have hailed Him. Let joy fill every heart. Let its glow wreath every face and burnish every brow. Let every aisle and hall of being echo with its shout and glow with its light. Shout it out across the plains, through every grotto and crypt; through every stall and manger let it resound. Send it through every mountain defile, and up the beetling cliffs, among the bristling rocks. Shout it over the seas, across the lakes, and up the rivers, ‘till many an ancient river and many a palmy plain’ shall echo to the song.

“Yes, Jesus has come. The news comes down to us through the corridor of centuries, laden with the aroma of Paradise regained. The gates of glory were thrown ajar, through which the angel’s song burst upon the ear of startled peasants, and a most dazzling light shot athwart the Judean hills. Hark! What voice is that we hear? How, silvery, how mellifluent its tones; how tuneful, how rhythmical its flow; how resonant, how reverberating its sound. No grating twang, no chilling gruffness in that voice. Never such voice thrilled the air of night. There is none of the click and clack of earth in it. It seems

purely celestial. Why should we fear such a voice?

“List! What does it say? ‘Fear not.’ Hear it, ye trembling souls? Ever since Eden’s gates swung their severance of man from the divine favor and fellowship, fear has enthralled the heart. ‘I was afraid’ is the language of ruin, out of which guilt utters itself—the original language of the race. Its glorious negation, ‘fear not,’ is the language of redemption, that out of which reconciliation utters itself. How assuring! How needful! Tell it again, ye messenger of light. We are children of fear. Our fathers feared and fled. May we have better courage? ‘Fear not!’ Why? ‘I bring you glad tidings.’ What? Tell us the news. A Savior is born to you. Strike all your symphonies ye harps of gold; chime, all ye bells of heaven; sing, all ye sons of the morning, ‘A Savior is born.’ ‘Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.’ Let nature join the anthem. Waft it ye breezes that come playfully over flower-festooned fields; sing it, ye raindrops that come drumming on the shingles and whispering among the leaves; swell it, ye songsters of the wood, as the carols of the day go up from the solitary pine; echo it, ye babbling brooks that come leaping from cliff to cliff down the mountain side; shout it, ye ocean waves that clap your hands in the wild winds of the storm. Let all nature praise, for the new-born King has come.

“The awful hush is past, the oppressive spell is broken. A new impulse has seized the world of

both mind and matter. Angels take to the wing of joyful message, man springs to his feet for the journey, and a stellar guide points the way to the Prince of Peace. No other such character ever appeared in the annals of time as Jesus Christ. His appearance shook humanity from its lethargy, changed the records of time, and is now grooving the ages with unmistakable lines of progress. This wonderful life is revolutionizing the world, and is already 'imbedded in more than eighteen centuries of the best history the world ever knew.' Blot out the Christian records of these centuries and what have we left? The eagles of Rome may tell of power, the crescent of the Moors of conquest, but the Cross tells of complete human emancipation. Wherever that Cross goes, whether amid the ice zones of the Arctic or under the burning sky of Africa, there goes a force that is lifting man out of himself, and is fast girdling the world with light.

"Hush! They have reached the chorus. 'Peace!' Where? 'On earth.' What news! In this mad house, among its mad-brained, reasonless inhabitants, peace! In this abode of the blood-thirsty, the ill-intentioned, the uncharitable, the savage, and the hellish, concord to reign. Amid this crusade of blood, this battle array, where the war-whoop resounds, a fraternity established. In this world of jarring creeds and jostling priests, of greed of gain and lust of position, where brothers immolate each other on the altar of a selfish, jaundiced creed, harmony to be established. What a change.

“Listen! The chorus swells on the ear. ‘Goodwill toward men’ is the grand refrain. How it thrills the air of night, beats its way across the plains, and rolls over the hills to the quiet sea. ‘Goodwill.’ Tell Peter to put up his sword and John to extinguish his fire-brand. We will have no more sanguinary scenes, no more immolating fires. This is the day of grace, not of grudge; of redemption, not of ruin; of help, not of hatred. Change the swords into plowshares, the spears into pruning hooks. Husbandry, not war, repletion, not depletion, shall henceforth be the mission of man. Abel, not Cain, Isaac, not Ishmael, shall reign. The Prince of Peace has come, and His reign is to be one of peace. ‘There shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all His holy mountain.’ ‘Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end.’

“Sing it ye angels, ring it down through the centuries, ye saints, until the music of the song is wafted up to mingle forever with the immortal music of the skies.” “Glory to God in the highest.”

CHAPTER XI.

A Genuine Mystic

Bishop Castle heartily believed in the attaining of spiritual knowledge and power through faith or spiritual insight. His mysticism was of the sane and balanced sort. It is given to few men to reach the depths of Christian experience and yet avoid fanaticism and extremes. He always modestly affirmed direct communion with the Divine Spirit. He tested and demonstrated what it means to dwell deep in Christ. This it is that accounts for the unusual impression made by his ministry. The reporter for one of the eastern Conferences tells the story of the above-human power that so usually attended the preaching of this servant of God and the Church, in the following words: "The Sabbath morning service will be long remembered. The large audience room was packed with an appreciative audience, many of whom heard the Bishop for the first time; and such a sermon! It was full of golden thoughts for ministers and laymen. Every soul present was stirred to profoundest depths. With the eloquence of a Whitfield he held the vast assemblage spellbound for one hour, and eternity alone will reveal the results. In the evening the auditorium was again filled to overflowing and many were turned away for want of room. The Bishop preached again, with great power, and gave utterance to truths that moved the soul Godward. May his life

be spared yet many years in helping to direct the work of the Church he so ably represents. He has greatly endeared himself to all the members of the Conference by the impartial manner in which he has presided over its deliberations."

In keeping with the title of this chapter observe the remarkable product of the Bishop's mind in discoursing on,

Exilian Life.

"It is under a chastened imagination that my thoughts are turned on the trail of eighteen centuries, over which comes to us the strangely sacred life of one who dwelt in exile 'for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ,' and by some kind of beautiful witchery holds in thrall my every thought.

"In exile! In a rock prison, seagirt, sea-lashed, storm-beaten! In the midst of this wild and rugged solitude, with the moan of the sea in his ears and the far distant mountains in his eyes, he wondered, and thought, and wrote! Out of the cryptic of Oriental years there came across the ages, in sacred allegory, revelations the most startling, secrets the most profound. Out of deep grottoes of rock, a spirit soared in realms of prophecy, of poesy, of theology, of civic relations, of theocratic rule, of millennium bliss, of crowning glories, dealing in such transcendentalisms as to challenge the philosophy and learning of the ages—and he a hermit by the sea.

"May there not be, must there not be, to the child of God, a spiritual hermitage, an exiled heart, if he

would know the deeper things of the Spirit? The best men and women are those given to much secret communion with God. Enoch-like they walk with God. How exalted such a life must be! How free from and independent of the spirit of the times and the age! How in harmony with God's will, and way, and work! How in such an atmosphere the soul grows in resemblance to Christ, the Christian's ideal life!

"Alone with God! That is the place where self is revealed to itself. Under this disclosure as good a man as Job exclaimed, 'I abhor myself.' Abram went on his face, Jacob confessed his name, Joshua became a subaltern in God's army, Moses puts off his sandals, Ezekiel goes into the dust, Isaiah goes into utter collapse, Daniel saw all his goodness turning into corruption, and our hermit by the sea 'fell as dead.'

"It is in spiritual exile that these crushing revelations of God to the soul are usually made. 'Jacob was left alone,' Job stood in a dreary landscape, Moses was in the fastnesses of mountain solitude, Ezekiel was by the river Chebar, Daniel was by the river Hiddekel, and John on a rock island in the sea. It was in Bedford jail that John Bunyan dreamed out that wonderful allegory. It is in the closet that the heart has its best visions of God. There it is God who is revealed, not things about God. There we become hermits, in harmony with the real life that we live. Back of this fussy, blustering, noisy, outward life, we ourselves live, vastly populous yet solitary. But in such a pres-

ence, how evils of every kind and degree grow to individual sight, fairly lured and demoniacle, or shrivel and melt away! How all virtues rise into strength and loftiness, very pillars of sturdiness, garish with alabaster whiteness. In such a presence, how all truth, natural and revealed, how all providence, special and general, how all afflictions, personal and associated, are seized upon by faith and transmitted into the Christ life. Here all the atmosphere is laden with heavenly odors; richest flavors float on every breeze, and a strange mystical nourishment fills the soul with beauty and strength. Wondrous transmutation! By a strange transfusion, the life of God is poured into our impoverished, dying natures, and the pulse-beat of eternal life throbs in the human heart. God's holy nature, braided and woven into ours, grows into such power of repulsion of evil, and attraction of good, that the Christ life becomes all in all within us. Christ took us with Him, representatively, when he ascended on high, and from that time the attraction has been heavenward. The Church has been gazing that way ever since.

"Oh, for this exilian life! We may be so harnessed and hitched into public and associated movements—all good—that our action may be sort of automatic—outwardly active, inwardly declining; pew and pulpit may be deep mouthed and trumpet tongued, while the closet may be mute and death like. To be forced back upon solitary faith, to walk a path so apart, so untrodden by mortal feet, as to extort the cry, 'Of the people there is none with me,' may be

a sore trial, but if it be in the way of the divine fellowship, it may, indeed, be esteemed a rare privilege. May our motto ever be, 'Looking unto Jesus.' Being 'uncomfortably near to God, no child of grace need ever fear.'"

When I was in service as Missionary Secretary and Editor of the *Search Light*, my soul at one time especially was deeply burdened for the deepening of the spiritual life in the Church. I shared my burden by a letter to Bishop Castle to which he replied in a way that made an indelible impression on me at the time. After agreeing in my general statement as to the need he added the following which shall be quoted here. "My own heart fairly flutters, as if wanting pinions to fly far up and out upon the great sea of divine life, far away from the shackles and cold fog banks of mere formalism, and it needs only the mention of this upper air, of this higher region, to set it all in a twitter, flutter, palpitation, transport (what shall I call it?), so impatient is it to be away. Oh, this region is too low for God's sons! They are surely destined by high birth for rarer air and broader heavens. What business have eagles always brooding the earth, and being home-lings in rocks and holes when sunlit regions, ulterior to mountain and cloud, invite emulous pinions? My soul cries for a flight as inimitable as that of a seraph toward the altars of fire and incense. We must more than simply know that we have wings; we must fly. God wants us to attempt a lofty flight. May the Holy Spirit kindle our ambition and unfetter our wings.

“It ought to mean much to be able to say, ‘Now are we the sons of God.’ As such we should be unwilling to enter heaven on a tame and low level. Growth in grace is as needful as grace itself. God’s sons should have their home on the mountains and by the sea. I think to live a higher life we must die a deeper death. To have more of Christ is to let Him have more of us. To have the fulness of the Spirit we must be self-emptied. Oh, how we cling to self as against Christ. How hardly we abdicate Him. How we parley and barter, and haggle with our Lord and Master. Oh, I am so ashamed of the manner of my surrender and service! I fling wide every door; I invite Him from cellar to garret and entreat Him to come in, inspect, cleanse, and henceforth hold, rule, use. I beg Him not to spare the idols, the self life, the anything that dethrones, displaces, or in any way usurps His rights or reign. The evening shadows are already falling in the deeper valleys, and ere long the lower hilltops will stand draped in thickening veils, while Erebus stands ready to hang all the mountains and far seas in lightless mantles. Until that time comes, let my heart be the home of Him whose presence makes nightless that city where home friends have gone to live, and into which the ever telling years will finally bring us all. Oh, how sweet it will be, from such a heart-day, to enter into that world of light where suns rise on suns and glories eclipse glories until saints, bathing in such ineffable oceans, shall shine in robes braided and woven as from rays

of light that ever pour in wreathing seas from His effulgent face.

“Do you ask why I have so written? The answer must be found in your letter to me. It set my heart going and while I felt at first, like chastening imagination, I have the rather let it run riot. I could not well stop it. You see that I am fond of the poetry of words, as well as the poetry of ideas. I am wishing that the General Conference may be the most spiritual one in the history of our Church. Why not? We have gone by the place and period of wrangling over creeds and constitutions. All is settled in that line. Nothing but a scramble for position or place—preferment and self, not another, the candidate—can now disturb us. Shall we let this disturb us? I think not. United Brethren are above that plane; if not they are untrue to the fathers, their name, and their Lord. Such things belong to the childhood of Christian character. We will not indulge that. Let history advise us. Let Christ admonish us. I am longing for the coming General Conference to open its sessions in a very fervor of religious life and so continue all through. To have a prayer only at each opening is to do as well as Congress does; but we should do better. We need to sit in the very glow and to breathe in the very atmosphere of the Holy Spirit. So the New Testament Church began and so it legislated. Let us stick as closely as possible to the Acts of the Apostles.

“I wish our whole machinery might be headed, adjusted, set, started, and empowered by the next

General Conference for the most aggressive spiritual campaign the Church has ever known. Let it be the presiding genius of that great body of representative men and by a kind of heavenly contagion spread through all the annual and quarterly conferences, and reach the classes and individual members. This will help every interest of the Church as nothing else will do. But, says some one, that sounds well, but how will you do it? One way most easily. Let each see that at least one is brought to this spiritual quickening. That one he can bring, for here personal will is supreme. Another way, not so easy, for another's will is concerned. But let the effort be made. Head the train that way and then turn on power. Let us start in the representative body of the Church, among its representative men and women. Here let the example be set.

"We **must** rise into higher spiritual life, or clearly drop behind the spirit of the age. There is an unmistakable 'sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees,' betokening the movement of God's cavalry; now let God's Israel bestir herself. A writer has well said: 'There is a feeling at this hour that the world stands upon the brink of a mighty crater. The state is too religious to impress any sect, and the sects are too worldly to convert government to Christian statehood. The people afraid of their rulers, and, as always, the rulers afraid of the people; painful hesitancy! The perturbed conditions of the nations; their inability; the discontent; the new agencies of power, speed, and facilities in every direction; the close alliance of nations once strangers

and far away; the strange positions and transpositions of the affairs of this world at this moment, are all signs of approaching changes. Crime too is organizing, and all seem to feel we must meet in some final contest the inevitable settlement of old accounts.' Thousands in the Church are longing for the great fulness and the larger salvation they read of in the Book of God. We are in the days of the travail of the Holy Spirit. He is making intercession for us with groanings unutterable. That is why so many hearts are full of longings. He who does not carry such a heart with him through these days has need of personal concern. He who lives to enter upon the coming century will enter upon the century of all the centuries."

The above was written as the last sentence indicates in the last year of the 19th century and it has the flavor of prophecy. The Bishop dwelt in love and was never happier than when preaching on "Love the Supreme Gift," and here is his exposition of I Cor. Chapter XIII.

"This is the most wonderful chapter in the Bible. It is a marvel of composition and conception. It is exquisitely beautiful and tender. Here is grace enthroned over all gifts and powers, however miraculous; over all titles and offices, however pompous and rewarding. This is called the more excellent way and as such is well worth our study. If there be any better way than the way of love, it remains yet to be discovered. What are all gifts, all attainments, all relations, all possessions, without love? What is a family, a church, a community, without

love? They are skeletons, shams, imitators, counterfeits. When the devil wants to conquer the Church he gets up a strife; a 'holy' war among its members; a jealousy for 'our creed;' a wrangle for place, a strife for office, a seeking of self. Always the lesser good at the expense of the higher and the highest good.

"What battles have been fought in the ecclesiastical arena, with discussion at white heat, through the centuries intervening our day and the ascension of Him who said, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law!' Men in those days were as anxious as men have ever been in any other days to win eternal life by way of the commandments. They contended for the traditions of the fathers. But Jesus showed the burdened, worrying legalist, the more excellent way. He simplified the whole system by putting it into a nut shell. Instead of ten things, or a hundred things, that must be done, he puts all into one thing. You do that one thing and you will do all the rest. You love and you will fulfill the whole law. Try this rule on any of the commandments and see how it will work. In Colossians, third chapter, Paul enthrones love above all the graces. Peter does the same thing when he says, 'Above all things have perfect love among yourselves.' John gives the crowning utterance when he makes it the essence of the Divine nature, 'God is love.'

"In this chapter under meditation, Paul makes love the supreme good; enthroning it over all other possessions, and clothing it with immortality and final supremacy. If you have read this chapter

with a care and thoughtfulness becoming its importance, you have observed three main divisions in it, love as observed in contrast with other things, love as seen in its elements, love as seen in its duration.

I. Love as Observed in Contrast.

1. With speech or eloquence.

“How this is prized among men! How men covet this noble gift, the power to move and mould men at will. We read of a Lord Chesterfield in the English Parliament; of Lord Chatham, of Lord Mansfield, the silver tongued Murray, of the Duke of Argyle, of Wilberforce, of Bishop Fenelon, from whom Lord Peterborough, the distinguished English General, an unbeliever, said he had to run to prevent his making him a Christian; of their burning, liquid words, blended with a dramatic delivery, and wish it might be ours to wield so potential an influence. Think of Whitefield, a Bascum, a Simpson, a Markwood, a Beecher, a Webster, a Sumner, a Philipps, a Morton, a Garfield, how they have swayed their millions in this and other lands.

“Now, add to the ability to speak all the languages that are spoken by men, that of speaking the language of angels. What eloquence and persuasive power they must have! This gives us a conception of the highest power possible, in the use of language, the most elevated faculties of eloquence and speech. With what eloquence, propriety, and fluency an angel must speak. The shepherds heard their voices on the listening ear of night, and were afraid. If love be wanting, this is all mere noise—empty

noise—a clanging, clattering sound. No melody, no harmony, nothing but valueless, empty sound. This is what a voluble tongue is without a charitable heart.

2. Love in Contrast with Great Endowments.

“Prophecy, mysteries, knowledge, faith. Able to speak from direct revelation, or to understand all revelation, so as to explain all its mysteries, all types, all emblems, all obscure, enigmatical things, all knowledge, all the doctrines of religion, all arts and sciences; and then had all faith, the highest kind of faith, the most wonder working faith, so that nothing is impossible to it; even mountains obeying its word, and then lack love, ‘I am nothing.’ What! Will not these endowments make me something? No, not if love be wanting. Faith is much. We have been so accustomed to making it every thing. But love takes the ascendancy. It is the greatest.

3. In Contrast with Great Deeds.

“Benevolence, martyrdom. If all property be distributed in charity, in almsgiving, to the destitute; though I give my body to be burned; become a martyr to the truth; lay down my life in as painful way as Christians did under the reign of Nero—covered with pitch and set on fire to illuminate his gardens—and love be wanting, all will be profitless. Many a man will die for his religion; anything than live for it. We can give no better proof of the sincerity, purity, and power of our religion, than love. The language of love is universal. We can take no greater endowment with us than love. It

is the test of universal discipleship. Our creeds may be passing; but in love we may all be one. For this Jesus prayed.

II. Love as Seen in Its Elements.

"It has certain characteristics, or exemplifies itself in the conduct and life of him who has it, and by these it is to be known. Paul puts love into Society, makes it a member of a community, of the church, and then tells us how it will act in all the varied and multiform conditions that it may be thrown into. To these various elements of love he gives common names, makes them virtues that we hear about, and can practice in every day life. There are nine elements or component parts, that constitute love. They enter into the stature of a perfect man. Let us briefly note them.

(1). Love is patient. 'Suffereth long.' It can be restful, passive, composed, can wait. It is not in a hurry; not petulant; not hasty; is calm; can bear long. It is not resentful, not vengeful.

(2). 'Is kind.' Here is love in action. It is good-natured, gentle, tender, affectionate. It always wishes well. Is not morose, sour, ill-natured. It is courteous. True religion is always polite. If we truly love another we will be kind to him.

(3). Generous. 'Envieth not.' Envy is ill will toward another in the same line of business, occupation, or rank. Others are prospered, honored, popular, but love will not be grieved; it will rather be glad. You are competing with another; he rises; congratulate him genuinely and will him the glory.

(4). Humble. 'Vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up.' Here is love in retirement. It is no boaster. Has no air of contempt or scorn. It esteems a brother, however lowly. Does its work and then hides away. Has little to say of itself.

(5). Polite. 'Doth not behave itself unseemly.' Love cannot be impolite. Love makes a gentleman. A gentle-man. Always acts with propriety. Never passes the bounds of propriety. Here is the secret of good behavior. Here is good breeding.

(6). Unselfish. 'Seeketh not her own.' Persists in unselfishness. It never seeks its own to the hurt of others. Stronger; it does not even seek that which is its own. Its happiness is in giving. It seeks such saving as giving affords.

(7). Good tempered. 'Not easily provoked.' Is not soon sharpened into wrath. If aroused is promptly over with. Ill temper cannot rest in a bosom that is filled with love. Fire cannot live in water; a snowflake cannot abide in the sea. It is really impossible to be angry with those we deeply love. Ill temper is destruction.

(8). Is not suspicious. 'Thinketh no evil.' It puts the best construction on everything. Does not at once attribute a bad motive. Is not suspecting evil; is not prying in and nosing around for evil. Is not trying to reason out evil. Is not jealous, is not suspicious. Prefers to hide weaknesses rather than expose the victim of weakness. Regrets and hesitates to give an opinion against another. Is guileless; rather believes in than distrusts another. What a grace is love!

(9). Is sincere. 'Hath no pleasure in iniquity.' Is grieved at others' misfortunes, calamities, sins. Has pleasure in the truth. Not my doctrine, my party, my church, but the truth.

(10). Adapted to emergencies. 'Beareth, believeth, hopeth, endureth, all things.' Every exigency covered. Mobilizes individual and collective energy to meet the programs of service and approved achievement.

III. Love in Its Endurance.

'Love never faileth.' It will last. Paul sweeps over the list of things that men prize, and that men call great, and that reasonably may be believed as giving promise of endurance; and then says they are all unstable and fleeting. But love endures. The prophetic gift has passed. Thousands of prophecies have been fulfilled and thus largely ended their mission; many ancient tongues are silent. The Greek and the Latin tongues have ceased. The wisdom of the ancients has faded out in the clearer light, like the stars die at the opening day. Newton, and Locke, and Morse, Fulton, and Harvey, and Franklin, only entered the A. B. C. of their respective sciences and realms. Tell me will you, what of all this world will last? The world itself is to vanish. It is love that will endure. Love is life. When I have some one to love and some one who loves me I will live. The suicide dies from hatred. The Church dies from hatred. We die spiritually from hatred. Not how we have believed, but how we have loved, will be the question. We may have very good creeds but display very bad tempers with the

creeds. A creed is a poor altar on which to immolate a brother. It was on that altar that the first brother was put to death by a brother's hand. A bad beginning. In the New Testament the first two brothers of whom we read, one brought the other to Jesus. Love makes the better showing.

"We are now in the childhood of the race, knowing in part and seeing through a glass darkly. The perfect is future and growth is going toward it. In the interval let us love, love, **love**. Let us see how many we can save not how many we can ruin. Jesus loves the imperfect and the unworthy, or He would never have loved us. He loved a young man who was not perfect. When the perfect has come we shall all be satisfied. When the mists have cleared away we shall see better. A body in mist and fog is likely to appear very uncertainly and we are in the mist and fog life. We shall be satisfied when we awake with His likeness. Satisfied with God and providence, with our inheritance, with the Church, with our brethren. Strange as it may appear we shall be satisfied with ourselves."

CHAPTER XII.

The Ministry a Life Work

Bishop Castle's ideals of the Christian ministry were indeed high. He did much to elevate the ideals of others over practically two generations. Among his effects I found a very good manuscript of his utterance on the subject of this chapter. We will follow him closely.

"The Cross as a symbol is much used about the pulpits of the world. It is a beautiful and striking emblem of what the Christian ministry should be. How in consonance with Saint Paul's determination to know nothing among the Corinthians 'save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' The star that guided the eastern philosophers to the infant Jesus, when it came to where He was, stood still, and did not go beyond Him. This is in conformity with the wisdom of the centuries. 'In Him are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.' Christ and His Cross can but be the cynosure of all eyes. Here the agent and forces that shall be used in dealing with conscience, or the moral nature of man. The true end of preaching being to persuade men to vitally believe the Gospel, convince them of sin, and bring them to repentance, there is nothing to be compared in these achievements, to the old story of Christ and Him crucified, now risen and exalted at the right hand of God. Man's intellectual or esthetical nature is to be used as a means of

reaching his conscience. Paul preached to as intelligent and polite audiences in Jerusalem, Corinth, Ephesus, Athens, Rome, as can be assembled in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or any other modern city on the globe. He lived in the Augustan age of literature, the golden age of intellectual culture, yet he says to the refined, voluptuous, philosophic and classic Corinthians, 'I came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom'—not with dialects of the schools; not with those charms of eloquence so much desired by the Greeks. Indeed he appears to avoid these lest his success should be imputed to them instead of to supernatural power. In some respects our times may have in a measure fallen upon the weakness of too much faith in the natural and too little in the supernatural.

"The 'charming sermon', as such, has not a very good record for bringing men under conviction to repentance. The minister, to be successful, must form an alliance with conscience, for it is naturally on the side of moral truth and right, and thus will come to fight by his side. 'Her arrows are sharp in the hearts of the king's enemies.' As to the ministerial office there is nothing like it in all the callings known to men. It stands without a rival. Personally, I would prefer to give a son to this calling, than to the highest earthly throne, or to the presidential chair of the greatest republic the world has ever known. For in the light of the coming eternity, the palace shrinks into a hovel compared with the Church he would serve. Thrones and empires crumble and fade away in the presence

of the pulpit he would stand in as a successful soul winner. To the minister belongs the preeminence of being a coworker in a special way, with Jesus Christ, in the work He most delights to do and have done. But in order to do this work there are certain very essential qualities that enter into and empower the minister.

First. What is Implied in the Gospel Ministry?

1. There must be a **man** to begin with; a man of good common sense. This is a primary demand. This is as important as that he should be a man of moral sense. The time is past, if it ever was, when the judgment can be allowed that would send strong men into law, medicine, and politics, while the physically and mentally weak are devoted to the Gospel ministry. This thought of strength is clearly indicated in the sources from which these messengers usually come. They more often come from the obscure, rugged relations of life, than from those of delicate ease. True and great men are made by the buffetings of adversity. History affords ample evidence of this affirmation. Birds of tender and delicate plumage may come from soft, downy nest, that is rocked by the gentle summer breath, in quiet dell, near by placid streams; but not so comes the king of birds. He sweeps down from some cloud capped, storm swept summit, far out of the reach of human inspection. The cradle where he was rocked was an open shelf, where the storm beats, the blasts howl, and the waters seam and carve the mountain side. He comes from that lone cliff by seemingly rough and seemingly barbarous measures.

The straws and sticks and fragments of rocks that have served the purpose of security during periods of tender dependence, are finally flung by cruel and heartless talons adown the storm roughened battlement, and the untrained eaglets forced out upon their untried wings into the deep blue of space. This is the type of school in which God often trains his most polished workmen.

"It was in a 'great and terrible wilderness' that Moses was reared, where forty years were spent in school, with God as the divine teacher. He was trained in the solitude of dark, frowning, monstrous, misshapen cliffs; notched into rugged grandeur, and carved from summit to base by wildly rushing torrents. So Elijah was trained in the rocky regions east of the Jordan.

"Christ's first chosen disciples were from the fishing smacks on the Galilean coasts, men inured to hardship; weather roughened and sea buffeted. Such, as a rule, are the men whom God selects for his faithful preachers. Not some effeminate, disingenuous, time serving, shiftless character. Men differ. Some are like lead, heavy, malleable, but dead. No heart, push, pluck, or sparkle. Some are like iron, hard, firm, inflexible. Such were the Christian martyrs. Such was Saint Paul. None can be too brainy, none can be too brawny for this great work.

Second. There Must Be a Divine Man.

"He must be a physical and spiritual compound. The natural and the supernatural, the terrestrial and the celestial, must inhere in him. 'Howbeit,'

says Paul, 'That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.' This is God's order in created man. Those that are to serve God must have a divine heredity. Under the law, in the Aaronic priesthood, direct descent, and that not of doubtful character, was essential to induction into the sacred office of a priest.

"In this order we find, first the raw material, afterwards the natural man transformed, the more finished product, in a sense a divine man. It is this man behind the sermon that tells. Tools and weapons are valuable only as the man behind them is prepared to use and wield them. It is the man that God calls and that God uses that does the execution. Being, with Him, is more than doing. The man is more than the scholar, the orator, or the pastor.

"It must be observed that the Bible makes much more out of being than it does out of doing. The act must come out of the life, and in character be like the life. The order is **be** and ye shall **do**, and not do and ye shall be. We are to be known by our fruits, and fruit is always the product of life, and true to the nature of that life. How essential, then, that we keep our life perfected. Moses spent forty years with God in perfecting his life for his great work. It was after the live coal from God's altar touched the lips of Isaiah that he cried, 'Here am I send me.' Even the God-man had His special anointing, and His forty days of fasting and prayer before He entered upon His work. Before the

disciples could 'go,' they must tarry until empowered from on high for their work.

"This relationship must be so clear and unquestioned that the individual can put his foot down with the strength and firmness of the tread of the war horse in the battle, or he will be weak in purpose and unsteady in aim. He will always be wanting to back out in the time of battle, or like Elijah and Thomas, wanting to slip away by death.

Third. There Must Be a Divine Designation.

"A divine call to the ministry, should awaken the thought and anxiety of the Church, in these days of such a pressing want of ministers to supply the home demand, and to occupy the widening missionary fields, that are everywhere calling for help. Whatever diversity of opinion may obtain as to what constitutes a call to the work of the ministry, I think all are agreed that it should not be assumed under some low secular motives, such as influence men to engage in the common employments of life, as wealth, popularity, and personal ease. While there is the plane of human influence, from which we may not safely divorce ourselves, our surest anchorage is in the divine prerogative in designating those whose duty it is to take this honor upon themselves. To be 'Assured that one is inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon himself the office of the ministry,' is to anchor to shafts of resistless strength. This divine prerogative has been claimed in every age of the Church, as in the calling of Aaron and his sons, and the whole tribe of Levi, to the Jewish priesthood, and in the calling

of Moses, David, Elisha, Jeremiah, John the Baptist, and the other prophets. As in the Old so in the New Testament, Jesus himself received His prophetic and priestly office by divine appointment. 'He glorified not Himself to be made an High Priest.' Peter and Andrew, James and John, Matthew and the other apostles received their call from the Lord himself. Paul was called of God, 'To be an apostle,' and Barnabas and Silas, the elders at Ephesus, and, as we may safely infer, all the early preachers of the Gospel, were made 'overseers of the Church by the Holy Ghost.' This was not a temporary provision for supplying the Church with ministers, but was meant to be perpetual. This is implied in the Savior's command to His followers to pray for the appointment of ministers. 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest.' From these cases and Scriptures already cited it must be clear that men are set apart for the ministry by divine appointment, and that none are true ministers of Christ 'but they who are called of God as was Aaron.'

"As to the mode of this call, we may easily and safely recognize a difference in individual case. Our Savior addressed himself audibly to those whom He called in the days of His flesh. Paul was arrested at noonday, stricken with blindness by a light above the brightness of the sun, and addressed by a voice from heaven. Now, while these individual, and similar incidents are not to be looked for today, any more than the tongues of fire, yet we may look for the unquestioning evidence of the call, and just

as assuring to the individual of today, as these miraculous operations were in their day.

“To divine this call in detail would not come within the compass of the present address. Theologians usually define it as ‘persuasion wrought by the Holy Ghost in the mind of the individual that it is his duty to become a preacher of the Gospel.’ It comes to the individual as a conviction of duty, and with such force as to involve a ‘woe’ if it is not obeyed. It may vary in its intensity with the intelligence and piety of the person called. The feeblest convictions should be cherished and nourished at the fountain of truth, by prayer and diligent searching of the Holy Scriptures, with the considered council of experienced and enlightened Christians.

“A strong desire to enter the ministry, with a high estimate of its dignity and usefulness, may be regarded as evidence of the call. Paul says, ‘That if a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good thing.’ Not the office that we designate bishop, but what the Holy Spirit makes a true minister to be, an ‘overseer.’ It is a great thing for a minister to love his work, to desire it, to have a real affection for it. He will be happy and contented in it with fewer emoluments than worldly callings offer.

“I wish I might direct the thoughts of a large number of young men to this holy calling. With some of you this may be the most critical period of your whole existence. Conflicting interests may now be drawing and decision must soon be made; a de-

cision on which your own well being and the salvation of a multitude of unsaved men and women may depend. Obedience to the divine call should be determined upon without a day's delay. Until this obedience is deeply offered, no other employment or obligation may be considered. 'This one thing I do.' So with the question settled in favor of the ministry and Jesus words, 'I have chosen you' ringing in your ears, you may no longer live to yourself but to Christ.

Fourth. There Must Be an Utter Abandonment to this Work.

"Jesus said to His first ministers, 'Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets and followed Him.' 'When a certain scribe would follow Him, Jesus told him that even the birds and animals were better provided for than was He. When one of His disciples debated discipleship, he was told that the funeral obsequies of even a father must not interrupt his work. When Peter professed the utter abandonment of all for Christ, and asked what the reward should be, Jesus sums up the things to be left, putting into the list, houses, lands, brethren, sisters, father, mother, children, with persecutions added, over against which He puts an hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come everlasting life. Jesus said, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself.' As Mr. Gordon says, here are two personalities, 'himself' and 'me.' Satan's personal representative on one side and Christ on the other.

Here is the battlefield of the world. If self is crowned, Christ is crucified.

"But what is self-denial? Some say it is denying yourself a certain pleasure, some gratification. But Jesus does not say let him deny **unto** himself this or that, it is vastly more radical. It is self, itself, that is to be denied. Possibly self renunciation, or self abandonment is the better word. When Jesus qualified it He made it as radical as death. This is implied in associating the Cross with it. 'Let him take up his cross.' Paul said, 'I am crucified with Christ.' In other words, I am dead to self, but alive unto God. In John twelve, it is qualified as dying to live, loving the compromising pleasures of earthly life less that life here and hereafter may be preserved in sanctity. A supreme devotion to Christ and duty as indicated by Him is ideal life.

Fifth. The Continuity of the Surrender.

"In Saint Paul's review of his life he tells us in modest courage what he had done, 'I have fought,' 'I have finished,' 'I have kept.' The battle of life was fought, the race of life was won, life's treasures were garnered, and his crowning, will complete his victory. Paul's advice to Timothy, in the glow of his own nearing sunset, was for him to abide. 'Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of.' He exhorted him to 'give attention to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine.' This combination gives the true work of a Gospel minister. He was not only to read, expound, and enforce, but he was to 'give himself wholly' to

these things. This is the measure of his attention. No minister can afford to divide his strength of body or mind with other things. So holy and urgent are the demands of this calling that only a whole man can meet them. Therefore the minister must take heed to himself as well as to his message. His own life must answer to the requirements of the message, before he can teach it to others. The work of the ministry is enough for any man's life energy. Here are themes to tax the mightiest intellect. Here are interests to fill the deepest heart. Here are duties that demand all of any man's time. Lawyer's may be without briefs or clients, doctors without fees or patients, merchants without trade or cash, farmers with blighted crops and blasted hopes, but no minister called of God, fitted, and dedicated can be shut up to fate and failure. If a minister will hold himself—his personal convenience, and his worldly interest—in rigid subordination to the claims of Christ upon him, he will find an open door set to his entrance.

“This continuity is also the way of the salvation of others. ‘And them that hear thee.’ Is it possible for two such incentives to be found in connection with any other career? What an aim! How high and definite! This aim all important. Without it a minister is like a ship without a harbor or a rudder; a cargo without a destination, a letter without direction. Here the secret of many a minister's failure. Who are the vagrants, the tramps, the loafers? Who are the thriftless, shiftless, listless, idle men, who walk our streets, gather

at the corners and obstruct the people of mission. The aimless, oh the aimless multitudes! Stars without orbits, streams without channels, immortal souls without purpose. No minister belongs in this aimless group. The minister's aim is to be single, all masterful, upon which all life is set. 'The double minded man is unstable in all his ways.' 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.' We live in the day of the specialists. The Jack of all trades is the master of none. To be master of none is to have no trade at all. If it be said that it is hard to obey God in the minister's difficult work let it be had in mind that it is harder not to obey. The road of directed career and duty is far the best. Around the open paths of duty is by a troubled sea."

CHAPTER XIII.

Fondness for Easter Morn

Bishop Castle had a marked affinity for the after death assurances of the Christian Gospel. He soared highest when he entered the raptures of the final victories of Christian experience and consummation. He was never out of sight of the Eternal City, and the hosts who are ever assembling there. To hear him preach an Easter Sermon, was the privilege of a life time. On a certain Easter he preached on,

Christ's Resurrection

Text, Mark, 16:6.

"He is risen; He is not here!"

"In John's Gospel we read of one coming to the sepulcher when 'it was yet dark,' and in Saint Matthew of that same one coming when 'it began to dawn.' These two expressions open up two long vistas of history. The long night of shadow, doubt, uncertainty, and death, is opened by the one; the long bright day of certainty, assurance, and eternal life, by the other.

"The Easter dawn presaged the brightest morning that ever pushed back the shadows of night. Of all the events of the world it stands alone in its conspicuous and solitary grandeur. For the first time a startled and wondering world looked into an empty tomb. Today it is the most important of our Christian festivals. Take away the fact of

Christ's resurrection, and what have we left? Paul says, 'If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they who are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.' Joseph's tomb did not end all. If it had, where would be our hope of immortality? What basis for our justification? What earnest of our heavenly inheritance? And what hope of meeting those that we have loved and lost? As it is this day the skies are the brightest and the vision the most glorious, that have ever cheered the footsteps of toiling pilgrims on their way to the Holy City. How like those early visitants at the tomb, millions of sorrowing ones are now making their way through crowded streets and desolate wastes to the garden of hope. The night may still be dark, the grass wet with the dew of the coming morning and the steps heavy with the journey; but a gray light glimmers in the distance, that is fast changing all into rosy red, as the sun lifts the shadows from the cold stone walls of death. A voice speaks out from the empty chamber: 'He is not here; He is risen as He said.'

"This scene of a risen Christ will never pass from the annals of time, or cease to excite human interest. As long as there are hearts to feel, and sorrow and grief to assuage, Joseph's empty tomb will be in tender memory and mention. This Easter festival carries us back from this sanctuary to a memorable scene. Let us tread softly as we go. Domes, battlements, spires, churches, halls, and quiet homes

are ablaze with Easter glory. We may well say, 'All hail, Easter morn.' Because of the triumphs of the risen Christ, many dark clouds have been turned into light, many tears have glistened in the eye of sorrow like the star of hope, and many a charnel house changed into a palace of jewels.

"The eagle winged tyrant death, had long palled God's creation, and now attacks the Christ His last and best; by his outstretched wings, wrenching from the soul the instrument of its intelligent and spiritual expression, the body, and doomed it to a grave. Death had long reigned as conqueror. He had driven his prancing steeds and rough rattling chariot wheels down the rude track of the ages, spreading desolation and doom through all ranks, classes, and homes. But now the Prince of Life is his conqueror. Jesus reigns! We celebrate His victory today. But His triumph, mighty as it is, is not yet completed. He is reigning with an ever increasing power and glory. Look out upon the world and see how much there is of Him in history, chronology, in geography, in architecture, in painting, in logic, in sculpture, in theology, in literature, in art, and in poetry. His light first illumined the tomb of Joseph. But today it lights up the grave of every sleeping saint, and fills the world with the light and glory of the sunrise of immortality. It not only takes us to the ocean shore and points us to the sweetness of the sunset hour, but it carries us across its deep, distant, and unknown expanse, to the hills that are gilded with the light of an eternal day.

“Marengo, Austerlitz, and other victories were used by Napoleon Bonaparte as stepping stones to dizzy heights of military fame. He finally swayed the scepter from the Baltic to Southern Italy. He stood with his armies upon the Alps and shouted: ‘Hannibal is surpassed.’ He led his soldiers beneath the Pyramids, ‘Where forty centuries were looking down.’ France was proud of him. If he had died before June 18, 1815, a fair flood of glory would have covered his whole career. But Waterloo and five and one-half years in exile brought him to humiliation and shame.

“Not so with the victory of Christ. His luster grows the brighter as the centuries roll on; and today, prophets, sages, kings, warriors, and mighty men of all ranks, are following Him in that company whose greatness no man can number. His name is above every name, and all powers and principalities are bowing at His feet.

First. Some of the Proofs of His Resurrection.

“(1). This event has made us all kindred. It gives a warmth to our friendship, and a depth to our sympathy, that makes the tears of pity flow. It tells us of love, and light, and joy and hope. It found the world sleeping and broke its slumber. It found the world cold and sluggish, and sent new life through every quivering pulse. It brought a new day-dawn upon the world. The glimmering light of hope that led the ancients to embalm their dead, now burst into noonday brilliancy. It has garnished the monuments and tombs of the dead into more than memorials of their departure. It has led

millions to exclaim: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.'

"(2). This empty tomb has dispersed the darkness of spiritual despair. These early disciples saw and believed. If Jesus had not risen the early Church would have been scattered to the four winds of the earth. This ocular demonstration satisfied these plain fisherman. It satisfied those associated with them. Its absolute and logical proof satisfied Saul of Tarsus. It satisfied the anxious soul of the Church from the resurrection until now. Forever more, He is risen, and the race shall have ever larger joy, as the centuries roll on.

"These disciples were not men of wealth, influence, or eloquence, and hence could not have deceived the people of their day. They witnessed before their own countrymen, the Jews, then before the heathen, the philosophers, and all men. Then their testimony was offered in Jerusalem, where they would have been detected if false. Their motives could not have been selfish. They very well understood that glory and wealth did not await them; but instead, suffering and death. They had every reason to expect that sooner or later the fate of Jesus would overtake them as it did.

"Jesus appeared some ten or twelve times after His resurrection. Then living witnesses testified to what they saw. They could not be mistaken. They knew and recognized Him. They talked with Him. They walked with Him. They looked into

His face and saw the scars that He carried. Even Thomas believed when he saw the scars. The three thousand who confessed their faith on the day of Pentecost gave ample proof that Christ was not a myth, but a living force. The early converts to Christianity furnish the strongest possible proofs that Christ arose from the dead.

“(3). Then here is the Christian Sabbath and the Christian Church. Their origin must be accounted for, since institutions never causeless come. Here is an effect; where is the cause? For more than fifteen hundred years the seventh day was observed as Sabbath. Suddenly it is set aside and the first day takes its place. Why? This question takes us back through the centuries, to Palestine, Jerusalem, Calvary and to Joseph’s tomb. Now we have the Lord’s day, and for eighteen centuries and more it has been observed. If Christ did not arise from the dead, how do you account for the Lord’s Day? And so of the Christian Church. Whence came it? The question takes us back through the centuries, and by a well trodden path that the boldest skepticism cannot question, to the time and the preaching of the Apostles. The Church is linked to these apostles, and is the fruit of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

“(4). Again, as already affirmed on the day of Pentecost, we have the effect in the experiences of millions of adherents to the Christian faith. They know that Christ has been raised from the dead because He has raised them out of the grave of moral death to a new life. Every regenerated life

has the witness in itself of this wonderful fact and doctrine of the resurrection. Jesus is living His resurrection life in the lives of men and women. Paul says, 'Ye are risen with Christ.' This resurrection is first a fact in history, then it is a fact in the experience and lives of His adherents. This is why Paul says, 'If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above.' This is the law of this new life. The risen life has an upward lift that is unmistakable. It aspires to the things that are above. It chooses the higher in preference to the lower. It clings to that which is fine, and generous, and true and noble.

Second. The Conflict Involved in This Resurrection.

"All this means a battle. We naturally and easily cling to earthly things, and often not to the best of earthly things. The best of energies are often consumed in the strife of unworthy politics and the pursuits of pleasure. There can be great passion for the seen and keen distaste for the unseen. Calvary and the Christ of Calvary can be spurned, and all that has eternal value pawned for the present passing indulgences. The low grade satisfactions of the present life are often allowed to choke and destroy the supremacy of the life to come. This effort to glut the senses with earthly things, cuts deeply into the moral and spiritual life and character. This awful tragedy of the slaughter of Christian character has often been enacted on the stage of human events. Men of hardened wealth and women of soft voluptuousness, have often pa-

rated on this earthly stage. Their strength and their weakness, with their final and inevitable end are matters of history. Greece conjured beauty out of the foam of the sea, and then polluted it. Rome carved a way for her feet at great expense, and then destroyed it. Art and arms gave them their best, and then in self forgetfulness, and the deadliest forgetfulness of God, they plunged into the deepest ruin and woe. Paralyzed within, these states whose glories fill the annals of our classical study, sank into death the most hopeless.

"So I repeat, the road upward is not an easy one to climb. To Christ it meant the wood and the nails. Not everybody finds this upward road and the reasons are most obvious. The downward path is artfully, delicately concealed, by chanting and luring songs of unclean beauties, and into it the mighty processions file, some jeering and mocking the Christ with His Cross and Crown. Oh, men and women who hear me this Easter morn, let me call you to the risen Christ. All these other things will not meet a single fact or thirst in your hearts' deepest longings. There are consuming tides swirling around and within your soul, that must be resisted, if you are to win for eternity. You carry within you the deep aspirations that cannot be satisfied by fashion, vanity, or greed. Decay will invade your fierce desires, disease will dislodge you from your stronghold, pain and suffering will mock your well guarded ease, death will smite your dearest ones, and then come back and smite you.

“Oh, why will we rob our days, cheat our souls, and starve our minds in such experiments as these? The bleaching bones of victims such as we are sure to become, strew the whole course of human history. Let us be admonished. Have the great empires of the world perished and we remain unwarned? Have these colossal examples, known of all men, been lost in their effect upon our great and stately land? If we but listen we shall hear, over all this dark and dismal fate so evidenced in history, the words of the glowing, transcendent figure of the risen Christ saying to the world, ‘I am the resurrection and the life. If ye be risen with me, seek those things that are above.’

Third. Let us Think for a Moment What These Words Mean to Us.

“What did they mean to those early disciples? From a state of sorrow, defeat, and hopelessness, they were at once transformed into a condition of triumph and conquering joy. Cowards were suddenly made into heroes. A world power was born. The very men who yesterday were helpless and hopeless, are now in the city preaching the Gospel of the Resurrection, beginning a movement that has involved the greatest battles, the deepest sufferings, the highest virtues, the purest morals, and the most exalted ideals, that the human mind has ever been privileged to scan. Now, is it thinkable that behind all this, there lies the deepest fraud, that the human intellect could ever conceive? Something happened. A wonderful event took place, and wonderful things are still taking place, that are

firing millions of hearts with untold enthusiasm. It made those disciples willing to risk their all to tell the story of it. What is it doing for us? Where is our enthusiasm? What does all this suffering and triumph of the past mean to us? Are we willing to let it pass as a mere festival, and go away to talk about our splendid music, our latest and richest attire, the splendid service, and the delicate catering to our esthetic emotions? It is only superficial character that can believe in Christ, His suffering, His triumph, and His wish for us as His followers, and then so easily dismiss Him from our thought and our company.

“How was it with those early disciples? Was there any break between them and their Lord? Was there not enough to break their fellowship? The autocrat death had long reigned, and now he seemed to triumph over their highest hopes. ‘For they had hoped that it had been He who should have redeemed Israel.’ Death appeared as absolute master and had broken a continuity that they had hoped would never be broken. True, the body of Jesus had met its shattering fate under the law, as man’s substitute, but how beautifully it rises out of this lower level to the higher, and tenderly and delicately takes again the thread of His old affections and friendships. There had been no disturbance of His friendship, no forgetting of His sorrowing disciples, no indifference to the past scenes of His ministry. He was the same Jesus beyond the Cross and the tomb that He was before. Death had not even jarred the tender ties that had bound

Him to the past. Just as the bird cares nothing for the rents, gashes, cracks, and seams that mar the face of the earth, because it lives above all these in a continuous element that sustains its flight, so Jesus lived in a realm of life that knows nothing of the final cleavage of death. Christ Himself is that realm of life, and its continuity is His resurrection.

“Jesus said to Martha, ‘He that liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die.’ What a wonderful life we have been redeemed to, and have already risen in, in the person and life of Christ. Some men may believe that they are not immortal. It is not hard to discover a reason for this, for there are lives that are not worth such prolongation. But you cannot bring yourself to believe that the life of Christ, and the life that He gives, is not worth and deserving of endless duration. The more we feel the qualities of His life the more we shall feel our deathlessness. The more we possess His spirit the more beautifully indifferent to death we shall be. Death will continue to move on its level, but we shall move on a higher level, and one that cannot be lowered. We think today of those who have left us for that undiscovered country. The mortal part of them rests somewhere under the sod and the blue of the sky, but when they went away they not only carried their eternal life, but they carried away our affections as well. No interruption has taken place in their love or in their memory. They think of us and we think of them. They love us still and we love them as of yore. Across the silence between them and ourselves Jesus has stretched the chains

of immortality and eternal life, and these are holding us in one mighty possession and fellowship. So it will be in our dying day. There will be no real break; just a little jar, a little chill, a little momentary obscuration of our vision to earthly things, as life eternal is entered as a glorious achievement.

“Paul expressed his desire to attain unto the resurrection of the dead. He wished the victory of Christ like qualities that could never be overpowered by death, never touched by it. He wished always to live on the level of eternal life. Whatever else he might lose, he wished to gain this kind of life. He counted everything but loss that he might win Christ, who is this life. His last triumphant expression was, ‘I have kept the faith.’

“Ten, twenty, thirty, fifty years have passed since your affections were carried away in a coffin, but your love is as strong as ever. Today a mother will speak of one that she saw laid away forty years ago, but she will do it with tear-filled eyes. Her love for that boy is deathless. Why this continuance of love? Is this mother’s love to be disappointed? Can human life be one great mockery and tragedy in its noblest affections? David’s love as he looked at the lifeless body of his son, cried out, ‘I shall go to him.’ The whole trend of Bible teaching answers the question: ‘If a man die, shall he live again?’ Jesus said, ‘Because I live, ye shall live also.’ This is the glad message of the Eastertide that I would pass to you. It is sufficient to make all the chords of our being vibrate with joy and

hope. The link between the here and the hereafter is, 'Christ is risen; He is not here.'

"This day shall we create a new dawn in each of our souls. It should transfigure the gloom of life, like the sun turns into golden crimson, the clouds around the dawn and the sunset. It should infuse into lives broken and sinful, an inward power and an outward beauty, that shall lift upwards the tendrils of the heart, and make it bloom with the beauty of the rose of Sharon. There are no desirable boundaries into which this day may not well enter us. Begone the dark clouds and earth born mists; sundered be the shackles of doubt and sinful habits.

"Let me include in this message the note of rational warning. Is there some one here today that is living without God? Forgetting Him entirely, ignoring all His claims, insensible to any feeling of responsibility under His government, and never asking His aid in building a character for the future and final day? We are all making a name for ourselves by degrees. The life that we live day after day is spelling it. The last letter will go down when our last breath goes out. Then it will be, 'What I have written I have written.' Nothing now to be added, nothing to be taken away. Time and probation ended, eternity entered. What then? 'If holy let him be holy still, if filthy let him be filthy still.'

"Let no young person in this presence say, 'I need not be concerned about this now; time enough yet to make a good character for myself.' Dear friend, this message is for you; your life in the teens or in

the twenties is as much a part of you as any other part of your later life will be. Indeed, it is the most important part of you. It is the formative and the preparative period. It is a part of your life in the thirties and the forties. It is a part of your later self, your after self. Your soul, and body, and brain, as they shall be in your thirties and your forties, cannot help themselves. They are all in your hands now, and are entirely helpless. What will they look like when you have turned them over to your after self? What kind of a body, what kind of a brain, what kind of a soul, are you getting ready to hand over to yourself at that later period? What kind of character are you going to give to your family, your friends, your Church, your country? Will it be sodden in sin and shame? Will it be soggy, leaden, or bloated? These questions you and I are answering now. You owe God and the world a holy character. Will you settle this account soon? You may say, 'I care nothing about a God. It does not make any difference to me whether there is no God or a hundred Gods.' Oh! what a life, poor, wandering, drifting life. No harbor, no goal, no destination, aimless, hopeless, homeless. Out of gear with self, the universe, God. You do without God when no one is needed so much?

"My closing thought is one of possible comfort to those of my audience that have the tinge and hue of autumn in their lives. My aged friend do not say, 'The best part of my life is gone and there is little of comfort for me.' The bloom of youth may have gone; but you are now in the fruit and harvest

time of your years. Perhaps you have seen many a life pass, and the light in many a neighbor's house go out, but fear not, for thy days are still lengthened, and the end is not yet. You are now in, or just entering, the golden age of life. Just the time to put the finishing touches on the temple of character. So the Easter message is for you. True, your eye may be dim, your step feeble and uncertain, the hand trembling as it holds the pen, so that your friends cannot read what you have written; but you can still be writing into character and with great distinctness, what shall abide when marble and granite have crumbled into dust.

"Now, together let us rejoice for this glad event which this day celebrates. What a luminous pathway our feet tread in this royal highway between earth and heaven, over which redeemed multitudes have thronged heavenward for nineteen centuries. Unbelief has done its utmost to stop the progress of the wonderful procession adown the centuries. Let us throw to the winds the mythical and the legendary. A Christianity founded upon these is a thousand times more difficult to believe and to defend than a Christianity founded upon the risen Christ. Let the enemies claim that He did not arise. We affirm that He did.

"Unbelief and hostile enemies could not keep Christ in the tomb, with all their seals and guards; and it is certain that they cannot return Him to the grave after eighteen centuries of light, trial, and triumph. Monuments of the fact of the resurrection line the corridors of history. Look at the fruit-

age of Christianity. It speaks for itself. Throw away the Bible, and then account for the Christ and His work if you can. He is on hand in this matter of fact world, challenging faith, admiration, and love. How shall we account for His magnificent achievements and results that rise in all the highways of time? Observe how Christianity has healed humanity's wounds, and assuaged human sorrows. The glory of an empty grave floods the centuries with light. Moral and spiritual life are increasing, and society is being transformed. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let us crown Him Lord of all. Today Easter lights are burning in every cemetery. Easter flowers are blooming by every grave. Easter bells are chiming in every church tower. Easter joy and hope are singing softly in every soul."

CHAPTER XIV.

A Preacher to Preachers.

The deep evangelistic passion of Bishop Castle's soul is outstanding in the memory of all who knew him. His official position laid upon him the duty and privilege of preaching to ministers and he did so as with a tongue of fire. In such an hour his soul flowed out in a peculiarly impressive and persuasive eloquence that was transforming to a remarkable degree. Now that his voice is silent and his seraphic face has passed from sight, so much of the genuine fervor of his great soul survives his absence in certain of his manuscripts, as to make a most notable impression. One cannot hold back the tears while reading the sermon that this chapter shall bear. It goes to the martyr spirit and makes one feel the glory of immolation to any necessary degree in following Jesus at any cost. The United Brethren Church has an invaluable inheritance in the life and character of such a man, and our past has, in the production of such men, bound us to our altars forever. May the mantle of dear Bishop Castle and others of his devotion, fall upon our ministry today so that Christ shall be exalted and fidelity to Him become the ruling passion of all our people. Let us be worshipful while our Bishop discourses on:

The Minister's Grounds of Confidence

Text—Rom. 1:10. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

"There are times in the life of even a minister of the gospel when he needs moral and spiritual bracing. Many a wavering soldier has been heartened into true heroism by the faith and daring of his leader. It seems eminently proper, that the great apostle of the Gentiles should leave us this inspired utterance of his own faith and courage exercised at a time when men's hearts were failing them for very fear. We may have, in a measure, grown cowardly and weak in the fight, and judged our weapons unequal to the exigencies of the times, instead of mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. But it is the gospel **now**, as in the days of the apostles, that is the power of God unto salvation. This preached with the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, there will be no further demand for apologies for inefficiency.

Let us note:

First. The Apostle's Boldness.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

"In order to gain adequate notion of the fine moral heroism here exhibited, let us as nearly as may be possible put ourselves in his place, as he was at the time he made the avowal. The bare mention of the city to which the apostle promised a visit, and to which he was finally brought as a prisoner, is sufficient to strikingly intensify the meaning of his words. Let us write our text on the dark background of Roman history, and see how it will stand forth in bold relief, and in marvelous sublimity and power. We note of the city:

1. Its Greatness.

"Rome was the capital of Italy, the seat of the Roman government. It had its rise about 1000 years anterior to the Christian Era, and has a history fruitful in great events and illustrious personages. In this city the apostle confronted between one and two millions of peoples, citizens and foreigners; representing all races and all religions. The streets and forums, the baths and temples, the palaces and theatres of this world-renowned city, presented pictures of wonderful contrariety—poverty and vice contrasting with affluence and scanty virtue.

"Rome was a world in miniature. Africa and Britain, India and Spain, mingled in its streets with sailors from well-nigh every province. All lands were tributary to it. The world bowed at the shrine of Nero; and the tides of this city's influence struck on the shores of the most distant countries.

"It had over 400 temples, all crowded with statues of her deities, whose wills were regarded as supreme in everything. The Italian empire at this time was actually mistress of the political world. Its power was widely extended; and fresh accessions to its dominion were constantly being made, as territory after territory, by fierce conflicts, was added to its ever growing strength. Its rights were questioned nowhere. It could work its will in any part of the world. It was simply dominant among the nations.

2. Its Wickedness.

"Having no power of self-control, and no standard of right, she became luxurious and voluptuous to a degree that modesty forbids us to attempt to describe before a public audience. The keenness and depth of her literary and scientific researches, were turned to inventive agents, and served to pander to the very lowest licentiousness. Purity and modesty stands with crimsoned cheek in the presence of the dissoluteness of its people. Its villages, the resorts of nobles, were very brothels of incestuous desire.

"Take its rulers. Felix, one of its emperors, was living an abandoned life, which accounts, doubtless, for his terror and panic-stricken condition under Paul's reasoning on temperance, righteousness, and the coming judgment. Then Ceasar, on the throne of Rome, was living a life that filled the city with unconcealed loathsomeness. He out-measured, for very iniquity, all power of description. 'In moral character he was a devil loose from hell.' No exaggeration can measure him; no invective can describe him. He was—'Nero.'

3. It Was a Classic City.

"After the conquest of Greece, Rome's intelligence began to rise. Under the reign of Augustus, and the two antonines—the world's great models of science, literature, and eloquence—Rome reached a truly enviable fame. It was in this city of classic renown; of venerable porches; of mighty academies; of stoic and epicurean systems, that the tent-maker from Tarsus was going to promulgate the new and strange religion.

4. It Was an Arrogant City.

"Mythology was the religion of Rome. She was peculiarly proud of her deities and her venerable institutions. Paul had to confront, with the doctrine of the unknown God, the doctrine of Jupiter and Juno, Cupid and Mercury, Venus and Mars, all well-known deities of Rome. His theme, viewed in any light, was calculated to harrow up the feelings of these Romans. Their institutions were venerable. Christianity was of but a day's history. Their systems were entrenched in all the pride and devotion of ancestral life. Christianity had nothing visible standing behind it.

"Had the apostle gone to Rome with highly wrought encomiums on her Kings and consuls, decemvirs and emperors, dictators and military tribunes, he might have felt an unmistakable consciousness of security. Had he flattered her priests, praised her colleges, and worshiped her deities, he would have escaped the wrath of Nero. But he went there with the gospel. Its very name a synonym of rebuke to deceit and hypocrisy. A gospel that does not wait for any formal announcement of war before it strikes a full aimed, straight blow on the hardened cheek of crime. A gospel that never has any delicately tender words for those corrupted in power. It rebukes pride and then rebukes its flatterer. It strikes the first blow, and then keeps on striking.

"It is a gospel that begets courage in the moral swordsman. Courage is demanded. When Joshua was made the successor of Moses he was impressed

with the importance of having courage. He was told three times in four consecutive verses to 'be strong and of a good courage.' The people pledged him the adherance they had given to Moses, only asking that they have the same pledge of his eligibility to this place that Moses, their former leader, had given; namely, 'The Lord thy God be with thee, as he was with Moses.' If the minister has nothing else to convince the people of his sacred prerogatives but his parchment, he might as well not have that. God with a man is the best attestation of his call to the ministry that he can have. The minister's sermon, in a very important sense, is himself. That is to say, the sermon, for moral and spiritual purposes, is never better than he who delivers it. All attempts to preach better than we are, and better than we live, will be but a miserable and mortifying failure. Manner, whatever it may be, will not remedy the failure. The minister is giving the people the gospel that is in him. In God's science of quantity, evolution and involution are equations. We cannot evolve a gospel in the pulpit that was not first involved in the heart. Sermons are not made in the study during certain specific hours of thought. They are the outcome of life and character. These are not put on and off at will, like the habit or robe worn in the study is put on and off. No man can spring out of himself in five minutes and minister in holy things to the edification of the church of God. An unreal man will not be believed. He does not believe himself. In his self-consciousness he knows himself as no

other one knows him. A man knows when his spirituality has declined; when he is shrinking prayer; and when he is bargaining for the lightest end of duty.

"Sermons grow in exact ratio with the inner life. The sermon that moves and melts the church of today began to be formed when the preacher began to take on the elements of a Christian character, a score or two of years ago. Some of you are now making the sermons of twenty years hence. We should keep fresh. God save us from the dry-rot; from getting moth-eaten and rust-corrupted just this side of going to live with the angels.

"We must study, in order to keep fresh up to the times. But this study must not be merely scientific dreaming. Such study may make a lecturer or a professor, but certainly not a true gospel minister. A minister is either an ambassador of God, or he is a self-seeker. He cannot be both. Sermons are either good, or they are good for nothing; and this is determined by the inner life of the preacher himself.

Second. The Grounds of the Apostle's Boldness.

"Wherever the apostle went he confronted earthly powers. He stood in the presence of a thousand smoking altars, glowing in honor of as many deities. He encountered all kinds of gods—gods of the hills and gods of the valleys, gods of the streams and gods of the graves, gods of the earth, and gods of ocean, gods of the sky and gods of the underworld—of death—but he feared not to offer in resistance to all these gods, the **one** God, the God of Israel.

1. The Chief Ground of Boldness Was His Faith in the Cross.

“He came with the Cross—the death of God’s only Son. He presented the strange paradox of life and power from death. He says, ‘We preach Christ crucified, the power of God and the wisdom of God.’ Compared with all other, all human measures to ransom the world, Christ crucified is assuredly ‘the power of God and the wisdom of God.’ The preaching of the cross is the grand crisis in the world’s history. It is the central sun from which floods of light are pouring into the deep moral night of this world. The Cross is the moral birth of humanity. Christianity lives and flourishes by the Cross. You can never destroy a people that multiply by reduction, that grow stronger by their depletion, and that live by dying. The knell of death to the saint is a marriage bell, its every stroke a wedding peal.

“Brethren let us stick to the Cross—Christ and Him crucified. Some may weary with hearing it, but let us not weary with preaching and trusting it. Someone has called it, by way of nicknaming it, the ‘come-poor-sinner-come’ style of oratory. Let it be so. It was the style of oratory that brought us ministers to Jesus. I do not doubt that geography, astronomy, geology, zoology, and many other ologies have their uses, but you can’t crowd enough of such stuff into the heads nor on the tongues of all the preachers in Christendom, if substituted for the gospel, to save a single soul.

"Let us not shrink from believing the old theme. A cold church and an envious world may grow tired of the theme of Christ and Him crucified. They will want to hear learned dissertations on science and literature; lectures on mental and moral philosophy; discussions on geology and genesis; disquisitions on primeval and intermediate life, and occasionally a flaming oration on the event of some pompous parade. But it is the gospel that saves.

2. Another ground of the apostle's boldness and assurance in the gospel was, doubtless, that it had saved him. And he was not slow or timid in telling, before kings and courts, how it was done. To save such a man was no ordinary achievement. He was the greatest man, God's only Son excepted, that ever lived. A Burke, a Webster, a Caesar, and an Alexander, become mere pigmies in the comparison. He had a marvelous brain, and a still more marvelous heart. Physically, he was likely undersized and homely; but his pen was mighty for all that. It was on fire with its theme and the speed of its flight, small but mighty. Isaac Watts was small of stature; John Wesley weighed less than 120 lbs., Calvin and Pascal, President Edwards, Robert Hall, and Edward Payson were all infirm in body, but they were mighty spiritual giants.

"The proof that the apostle's 'letters' were 'weighty and powerful' is seen in their influence on the religious thought of the world. Look out upon the world and see how much there is of this man in history, in chronology, in geography, in architecture, in painting, in logic, in sculpture, in poetry,

in theology, in literature. His shadow fell over all the Roman empire in the days of its glory; but today that shadow is over the entire Christian world.

"True, he had a bad life behind him. To this he frankly confessed. He was accessory to Stephen's death; 'he entered into every house, and hailing men and women, committed them to prison.' He himself said, 'Beyond measure I persecuted the church of God.' When he could find no more victims of his insane rage in the Holy City, he goes to the far north-east, to Damascus, the capital of Syria, a distance of three hundred miles, and there finds a little nest of heretics. But this is the last journey of the kind he ever took. The smiter was smitten. The man that started did not quite reach the place. He was made over on the way, so that his very name had to be changed. It was Saul that started; it was Paul that arrived. Judaism was in that saddle proudly riding forth to conquest, but it went to the ground in amazement and consternation. It lost the battle; Christianity won it. It always wins in such a crisis.

"So it won in the case of Naaman, with nothing visibly behind it but a little maid. It won in the jail at Philippi, though in chains. It won in the days of Saul with nothing visibly behind it but a little shepherd boy with a sling.

"So the Nazarene had waylaid this proud Pharisee, and he was now a prisoner of hope. The old Syrian capital is now to be the scene of a very different triumph. There is now to be the building up of the things that were once being destroyed.

"What a change! It is written, he 'straightway preached,' He had come to the truth and was in an agony to tell it. That which had mastered him was to master the world. He was thoroughly conquered, he had everything committed. He says, 'What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.'

"Now this is a specimen of what Christianity can do. Need anyone be ashamed of it?

"Go to your saloons and see specimens of the work they do. Here we may blush; but never at the work of Christianity. It is at war with the very things that make men bad. It says, 'Thou shalt not kill;' 'thou shalt not steal;' 'thou shalt not bear false witness;' 'love worketh no ill to his neighbor' 'as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' Come, you broad, highheaded men and tell us the objections you have to these rules. Show us in the agnostic's creed any such rules, and any specimens of its transforming power like unto the one we have in the author of this text. Once one of the vilest enemies that the church ever had; but now he wanted to be chained to the chariot wheels of his Conqueror, a willing and devoted slave of Jesus Christ, fully sharing the fate of those who died for their faith, joyfully yielding his neck on the block to the sword of a Nero.

"The salvation Paul had was a mighty, a stalwart salvation. None other would have done him. It had to be large enough for 'the thorn in the flesh,' for the sword of Nero, for 'perils among robbers,' for 'perils in the wilderness,' for 'perils by ship-

wreck,' and worst of all, for 'perils among false brethren.'

"It was a sanguinary salvation—by blood, 'God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross.'

"He stuck to this idea to the last. The thorn never conquered him. I am glad we do not know what that thorn was. One says ophthalmia; another, dyspepsia; and still another, spinal curvature, and so on. But as it is, the thorn belongs to everybody. So does the promise—the sufficient grace.

"Such an experience made Paul a strong witness. A man with a tame experience will always be a weak witness. Fire will burn; but ice will freeze. How can we believe and not speak, feel and not act?

Third. His Success and Final Triumph.

"Paul succeeded at Rome. He had saints even in Caesar's household. But it was not without opposition. Jewish nature was not softened by an Italian sky. Man, morally, is practically Roman, but no more than Roman, wherever you find him. If the gospel saved him then, it will save him now. It is confined by no boundary, and repelled by no barrier. It saved Bunyan the tinker, Newton the sailor, Gardner the soldier, Scott the commentator, Augustine the rhetorician, Lord Rochester the courtier, Africaner the savage, Cowper the poet, and Saul the murderer. Why be cowardly? Why is improved legislation spoken of, universal education discussed, and some charmingly mysterious plan of moral reform presented, if it be not to confessedly supplement the gospel? Are the people of our times worse than those of Paul's day? Is

power more mightily entrenched now than then? Is vice more violent with us than it was in Rome? Paul established a fine church in Rome. Is there any secret in this? He bore a gospel of fire, and it made him a minister of flame.

"The church grew at Rome. So it will in every place where the gospel is not robbed of its power and glory to enrich human endeavor.

"Where is Rome today? Fallen from her seven hills. Her glory has long since faded, and the bold and fearless preacher from Tarsus lies in his martyr-rest. But his **theme** still lives. The clamor of nations, the vengeful clash of armies, and the astounding roar and the sullen boom of mighty revolutions, have not served to hush its voice or break its power.

"Today the fruits of the gospel are in many lands. They are in Europe, among Celts and Saxons; in Africa, among Negroes and Kafirs; in North America, among Indians and Esquimaux; and in Asia, among Malays and Mongolians, Hindoos and Burmese.

"The gospel has now run through nearly nineteen centuries and has not yet expended its force. It can ring nineteen centuries longer, and then ring on forever. It has sped from Rome to London, crossed the Atlantic, and now echoes upon the rocky shores of our grand old Pacific.

"Christianity has the day. He who won the victory on the fields of miracles, withdrawing from the fight for a moment on Calvary, to more signally win the victory inside the rocky fortifications of

death, carrying the very redoubts of both death and hell in the fight, now appears at the head of the invincible legions that are marching on to victory to the music of the cross and the crown. Death's black banner floated over his rocky ramparts for the period of only three days and three nights, while the great Chieftain lay sleeping in his very citadel. The third morning witnessed an early engagement. It was short, decisive, victorious. When he did go down but for a moment he went down a victor. In one of the fierce engagements of our late war, one of our naval vessels was shivered by balls and was fast sinking, when the brave boys in blue ran up the stars and stripes, and when she went down beneath the engulfing waters the grand old flag floated at the ship's mast head.

"So when Christ went down the banner of blood went up to the mast head of the gospel man-of-war, and through the storms and hurricanes of more than eighteen centuries it has now been floating.

"The hero of our theme had many a hard fight for the period of thirty years; but he was always more than conqueror. Sometimes the chances seemed clearly against him; but when the smoke of battle had fully cleared away, he could still be seen holding the flagstaff, and shouting over the fortifications of hell, 'Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory.'

"On board ship to Rome he was a victor. Paul could well say in the review, 'I have fought a good fight.' Hear him! timid soul.

“Let us go and visit the jail at Philippi. The charge was that of exceedingly troubling the city. The authorities ordered him beaten. This among the Romans was a very different thing from what it was among the Jews. The Jews used merely thongs or cords, limiting the blows to forty, the practice being to give only thirty-nine. Paul refers to this: ‘Five times received I forty stripes save one.’ The Romans’ custom was to bind the prisoner with cords, and then beat him with rods as long as the magistrate pleased. To this custom he refers when speaking of having been ‘beaten beyond measure.’

“Think of the scene. Paul is bound like an infamous criminal, his naked back exposed to public gaze, upon which blow after blow fell from the strong arm of the executioner; blood following every stroke. How he must have remembered his Master.

“Now let us go into the prison. It is not a jail like one of ours. Far different. It was a dismal place; no conveniences save what was simply sufficient to continue life. The ‘inner prison’ was a cold damp, pestilential cell, from which all light was excluded—a dungeon, where the very chains rusted on the limbs of the prisoner. These prisons throughout the Roman empire were so full of horror that strong men **shuddered** at the thought of confinement in them. It was in such a place, where the clanking of chains and the groans of sufferers mingle on the ear, that this minister of Jesus was confined, amid cold, clammy darkness.

“The larger part of two years, the last two years that he spent on earth, was spent in such a dungeon,

with a chain around his leg fastened to a soldier, or to a stone pillar. Now how does it look to him? He is writing his last letter. See the glow on his face and the fire in his pen. What is he writing? Read. 'I am now ready to be offered.' Ready? Yes. 'The time of my departure is at hand.' He was right. A day or two more only. He goes on. 'I have fought a good fight.' A million voices answer yes, you have. 'I have finished my course.' What a course! who but a Paul could have run it? 'I have kept the faith.' Thank God for that! Suppose he had let the faith go! How it would have affected the Church in all after ages.

"But what of all this? Ah! There is a grand outlook. 'Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.' How blessed, that God at the last gets the vision of his servant off the earthly by opening up the heavenly. The Roman soldier may be whetting his sword for the fatal blow, Nero's block may be in readiness for the neck of the hero, and the lions may be crouching just out there, but the glorious conqueror has his eyes and ears full of celestial sight and sounds. The gates of pearl are ajar, for the walls of jasper are now in sight. The lights are gleaming, the bells are ringing, and all the harpers are harping. How grand and glorious this hour! Paul, your feet are now trenching on the shores of an eternal sea. Do you not hear the washing of the silver spray, and the rustle of celestial wings along the golden strand?

"Heaven is coming nearer. Your bruised and aching feet will soon leave the thorny path of duty, to walk in the embowered paths of burnished gold.

"But, Paul, have your fellow workers any chance? Yes. 'Not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' Then, brethren, there is a 'crown of righteousness' for everyone of you.

"Think you Paul was ashamed of the gospel at such a time as this. If he was not ashamed of it among devils and mobs, in prisons and perils, surely he was not ashamed of it in the presence of angels and crowns and thrones.

"O ye ministers of God, preach this gospel! Do not dilly-dally with metaphysical lectures, and philosophical disquisitions. Preach the gospel. Tell the people of Jesus, mighty to save and strong to deliver."

CHAPTER XV.

A Preacher to Youth

Our glorified Bishop, as we have shown in these pages, was a profound believer in education as life equipment. He appealed for liberality in providing the facilities for this work, so that no youth should be called upon to head into life, without intellectual preparation. But in the sermon that shall be released in this chapter we get the unmistakable evidence, that the Bishop felt deeply, that all young people should face as a sweeping imperative, the personal experience of the Holy Spirit, as a determining life equipment. To his keen mind, and loyal soul, nothing could take the place of the deepest, and most genuine evangelical spiritual consciousness, for youth as certainly as for age. At the present a few young people's meetings are more largely perfunctory and formal than should be. While it is true that youth should not be expected to function as maturity and age functions nevertheless it is unnecessary to indulge in any young people's meetings, a tell-tale levity, a hollow crudeness, a superficiality, a lack of dignity, in quotations of Scripture and other features of such meetings. Unfortunately these defects are not confined to the young people, but Bishop Castle felt compelled to ask of the young people's convention at which this sermon was delivered that such weakness be pointed out; that it might be overcome and ended, by a deep and gen-

uine piety. The lesson is very worth while and we shall follow the Bishop with an open mind.

"Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." Luke 24:49.

"But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Spirit has come upon you." Acts 1:8.

"Awake! awake; put on strength, O, arm of the Lord." Isaiah, 51:9.

"Awake! awake; put on thy strength, O, Zion." Isaiah, 52:1.

"I am to speak of the inward fitting and equipment, or the spiritual qualification necessary for the successful discharge of the obligations which the Master has laid upon His disciples. It is wholly appropriate that this theme should enter into the thought and heart life of this young people's convention. You are all afloat upon the wild and slumberless current of the years, and should be interested in knowing that you are anchored to secure shafts of rescue through pitiless rapids; shafts that come out of that realm, whose energies and processes, know no succession of seasons, and no distinction of times; knowing that the possibilities of the eternal are so within you, that you can answer to its suggestions, and be made invincible by identification with what is unconquerable.

"In whatever relations we stand, we are going to grow by feeding upon our complete environment. If we are going to be in fact, what we are in possibility, it can only be by the appropriation of nutriment, having divine origin. It is worth more than gold or science, to know, and in our inmost heart

to feel, that we are brought into kinship with that unseen world, that abides in stability above the shadows of all earthly things; that timeless world that is not floated on the tide of the years, nor worn by their abrasions. To have strength and be abiding, we must become the embodiment of that which lies deeper than the years, and which, because the years did not bring it with them when they came, will have no power to carry it away with them when they go. We must be more than creatures of the tide, or we shall go with the tide. We must be living in an unseen world, the world of truth, the world of God.

“The tendency is to quietly slip away from the deeper moral and spiritual realities, to the shallower and from the shallower, to the destitute formalities. In this recession it is always the finest ingredients that are eliminated. Christianity levies a heavy tax upon human nature, and asserts an expensive supremacy over it. This may be felt to be irksome, to be rid of which, we may be tempted to quietly devise measures by which, without throwing religion overboard bodily, we can evade at least its inconvenient demands. Thus the inferior is always displacing the superior. The Mohammedans of to-day average far below Mohammed, and the Judaism of Christ's day had but little resemblance to the character of Moses. Man must come up to the level of his religion, or he will bring his religion down to a level with himself. The farther you trace ■ stream up toward its source the clearer and more sparkling its waters. So our effort in all our preach-

ing and discussion, should be to get nearer the fountain head, to strike the stream at a point where its waters have not become so mixed with philosophy or so muddled by sin. The Scriptures quoted above, plainly indicate the oncoming of a mighty revolution, and a striking spiritual transition in the life of the Church. The Old Dispensation had grown hoary with age, and decay and passing were at hand. Simeon had grown old in the priestly office; the prophetess Anna was groping for the gates celestial, with the weight of more than four score years upon her; the holy lamps in the olden temple were burning low and the sacred oil was nearly consumed. Renewal had to come soon or darkness and death would be the result. There was a solemn hush upon the world, and the Church had grown expectant. God's anointed ones, standing upon the lofty summit of spiritual vision, had declared the glory of the coming day. For four thousand years the world had lived in comparative darkness, watching the rays of light as they shot across the gloom that finally disappeared from the face of the morning, disclosing the day of the Son of Righteousness, and the coming of redemption.

"How beautiful and impressive the sight of the disciples gathering around their risen Lord, and putting to Him the final question as to the restoration of the kingdom to Israel, and receiving not an answer to their question but to their need. Essentially Jesus said, 'You do not so much need to know whether Israel is to be restored to civil dominion, as you need to know whether you are spiritually

fitted for your work.' Endued with power from on high. 'Therefore, tarry ye, in the city of Jerusalem.' Their commission was world wide. Not Jerusalem, not Judea, nor yet Samaria, but the whole world was to be the sphere of their witnessing unto Jesus. For this work they needed a special fitness, for this fitness they were to tarry—the fitness of **power**. Not intellectual power as such, though that must be had. Not social power, as such, but spiritual power; power to evangelize and Christianize the world. A power that will evidence the supreme passion of souls dedicated to the work of God, the salvation of men. A power that made Elijah princely and victorious on Carmel, Peter urgent and irresistible at Pentecost, and Paul majestic on Mar's Hill.

First. The Demand for Spiritual Renewal and Enduement, Permanent.

"Alternating periods of heroic energy and disappointing absence of power, weakness and benevolent aggression, have so often characterized the Church. This unevenness is a sad commentary on the individual or the Church at any time. It reveals an appalling weakness in poor human nature but let the fact be faced thoughtfully. If Peter and the early Church needed the baptism of fire so do we of the present age. There is incongruity in our suffering the divine life to meet hindrances in us that we might well dismiss under grace. Our piety should not be seasonish but abiding. Our love must have warmth and our service ever in enthusiasm. Let us work and trust beyond con-

ventionalism that shackles the soul, and move into a zone free from periods of apathy and powerlessness.

Second. The Holy Spirit is the Agent of Renewal and Enduement.

“The Holy Spirit was life giver of the Old Dispensation as He is of the present. He moved on the face of the waters in creation and He moves unfailingly now for a quickened Church on the earth. It was by the inbreathing of the Holy Spirit, originally that man was created and set on the highway of sublime though chastened destiny which immeasurably outdistances all life around him. It was for the enduement of power by the Holy Spirit that the early Church was to wait, without which it was especially enjoined from entering upon its work. We live in the gracious day of the Holy Spirit. In the Old Dispensation His action was intermittent. He came and went, like Noah’s dove, not resting anywhere. In the New Testament age He ‘dwells’ and ‘abides.’ He had no abiding place until Jesus came, then He found an abode suited to Him. He could not be the gift of the universal Church until the atonement was completed. Without the atonement the work of the Holy Spirit could not be fulfilled. On the other hand without the work of the Spirit in the soul of the believer the work of Christ is utterly useless. This double truth is found in the statements of John and Jesus. John testifies, ‘The Spirit was not yet given because that Jesus was not yet glorified.’ Jesus said, ‘It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter

will not come.' Take away Christ, and the Holy Spirit is limited in action within the soul and character of the individual. It would be like taking away from the studio of the photographer, the person whose lineaments the sun is about to fix upon the carefully prepared glass plate. In the Old Testament the expression used was 'the Spirit came upon them.' In the New Testament Jesus puts it this way, 'He dwelleth with you and shall be in you.' 'In you.' Short words but revealing the economy of God.

Third. The Indwelling Holy Spirit the Source of Power and Perpetuity.

"Results, whether in the spiritual or physical domain are always in proportion to the power applied and appropriated. A stream of water no larger than a man's finger has been known to snap a plate of iron ten inches thick. The Kingdom of God is not in word, but in power. Here the individual believer becomes a divine incarnation having a spiritual atmosphere that diffuses from his personality, because he is in communion with the divine presence, power, and personality, in such degree as to make him an organ of God, a medium of inspired power to conceive and achieve divine purposes. Now every soul should flash with God's light and beat with God's life. Christ's life should mean a great deal to us, for we are a real branch in Him. We are sons of God because born of God. All this is to have ample meaning with us. We should make much of it, then God can make much of us. Let us remember that believers have a large

beginning. Calvary and Pentecost are wonderful starting points. With such a base, how high think you can we carry the apex? The post-diluvians had not base enough on which to pile brick to lift themselves into the heavens; but here is a foundation broad enough and strong enough to build up to the very throne of God. Think of the joyous buoyancy and expansive power with which the Gospel burst into the world at the first. It came like a rushing torrent from the hills, laughing with light, music, and joy. As a matter of historic fact the streams of Christian energy have slowed at times, into sluggishness, until all but stagnant in the cold regions of formalism. Here we are with all our churches, machinery, culture, money, and organizations. At the end of each year, our net increase is often distressingly small. At times even with much effort, we gather a small harvest. When declensions come they must be arrested. When languor settles into sleep it must be broken. Fresh outbursts of life must end the winter and herald the spring. In this way the Kingdom of God has always grown. Successive impulses have kept it from final stagnation. In this the Church is fully analogous to all other forms of life about it. It is so in the field of literature, art, social and political life. Long neglected principles come to life, truth that remained unheeded for many years, all at once flames into a pillar of light, to guide a nation's march. A mysterious quickening thrills society; a contagion of enthusiasm spreads like a conflagration and the social atmosphere pulses with change.

One such day may be a thousand years in the history of a people, and in individual life more than all years preceding, however many. There are single days when we live more than in whole years. Such days we place in irrevocable memory.

“ ‘Ye shall receive power,’ said the Master, ‘after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you.’ Clearly then, the reference is to spiritual power. Not power specifically to teach the arts and sciences; but power to teach the doctrines, and live the life of God’s Son, Jesus the Christ. No man can be his best, indeed he cannot fairly and fully be a man, until his own powers feel the touch of this divine effectiveness working within him. God’s Spirit must suffuse our forms of thought, feeling, purpose, and power; and He will if our souls are rightly keyed to the mind of God. They will vibrate with the moral passion of Christ, and we shall be able to live in Him. In the absence of this divine life we are human animals. God’s Spirit installed within becomes a governing and actuating presence, the controlling law of life. To be a Christian is not only to behave with propriety; it is to live after the power of a divinely quickened and remade life.

“ ‘The Kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.’ ‘The letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life.’ The letter has its fascination. It had to the Scribe and Pharisee of Christ’s day. Under this fascination of the letter we have developed a mere legal morality that is a poor substitute for spirituality and resultant morality of the real sort. Word is not the Kingdom, power is the Kingdom. Words

are but symbols, shapes, out into which the Spirit moves for vitalization. Paul said, 'The Gospel which is the power of God;' but when he uttered that statement the gospels were unwritten. Gospel is life. Jesus Christ is the Gospel. He said, 'I am the way,' 'I am the truth,' 'I am the life.' Jesus came back on the day of Pentecost. He now lives in the Church, as in the past of the Christian dispensation, by the presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

Four. Nothing can be a Substitute for the Indwelling Presence of The Holy Spirit.

"We cannot live on a history even if that history is inspired. Many go no deeper than the written word. But this is but an inspired description of, and a verbal highway to, Christ; a kind of photograph of Him. But who can live on a photograph? If the inspired record had been entirely sufficient Jesus would never have sent the Holy Spirit as an abiding presence in the Church. This is a thinking age and we have a wonderful passion for new ideas, but our most urgent need is that of power. We must pass over from the region of idea into that of power. We must come to development where it is not a question of our having something to hold to, but to some one we are held by. The metal adheres to the magnet not because of the metal's effort but because the magnet draws. Ideas may lose their grip. Pentecost is a sure cure for agnosticism and atheism. That power indwelling and nurturing the life asserts an imperialism over the individual that clearly carries him into the life of

another, so that Paul's words, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth within me,' becomes matchless as a real description. 'Partakers of the divine nature' is another apt way of putting it. Not only a comparative moral likeness to God but shareholders in Him; like the waves of the sea, or the leaves of a tree, or still better, as the branch of the vine sharing in the life of the vine. 'I am the vine, ye are the branches.'

"I know this widens out the scope of our humanity and extends its upward frontier; but we must remember that in this upward sweep we are not tethered to any fixed condition. In this, man differs from all life about him. Everything else is severely tied to its fixed condition. Only man can apostatize. Except man the law is 'stay where you are put.' Not so man. Here we are located between two alternative conditions, like a traveler at a half way point on a mountain road. Above him are the heights and below him the depths. No house here and no provision for evading the alternative of down or up. So we come to a spiritual crisis, a day of Pentecost. Conflicting impulses draw, and decision must be made. So let us not shrink the appeal for the highland life. We must not think the heights inaccessible, for God is to be approached. He gives audience to those who are astray. In Christ, God is accessible so we will not fear. Here divinity is put under self imposed adaptations to our need. The Incarnation has related God in redemptive power to all that dwell in the flesh. Christ an unsinning Son of God and

'now are we the sons of God.' There can be no sonship without identity through the second begetting. Here we are shareholders in one common life. We grant the mysterious and the mystical but we will not reject the efficiency because of the mystery. Our life is bound into one life with Him, as the branch and the vine are one. We are moved by impulses of energy that are ours without their ceasing to be His. 'I in you and you in Me.' A single identical life.

Five. Effects and Characteristics of This Life.

"1. Its coming is sudden and may be so noted usually. So the Spirit came on the day of Pentecost. So God came to His temple in the olden time. So the angels announced Jesus. So a battle opens. So death comes. So millions have been converted. So a revival comes. So the disciples were at the land.

2. It comes in power. 'Rushing, mighty wind.' Instantly from heaven.

3. It imparts the spirit of benevolence. All held for Christ and subject to His call.

4. It brings out individuality.

5. It imparts passionate earnestness. Puts 'go' into the soul and will. It gives marching and conquest power.

Sixth. How Obtained.

"It must be waited on and prayed for very definitely.

1. We must feel our extremity and need. God helps when our want is at the highest. We must come to a crisis that incorporates importunity.

2. We must have an unconquerable purpose. Jacob like we must win or die. For our encouragement be it said, God is willing to give and give bountifully. More willing than are parents to give to their children. Our lives dedicated, our will surrendered, and God answers fully and decisively. Young people I ask you now to fully believe that your lives and personalities may be filled with the Holy Spirit. It shall be so if you really will."

CHAPTER XVI.

Retirement.

Bishop Castle as before stated in this volume was elected Bishop in May 1877, at the General Conference held in Westfield, Illinois, and by his own request retired from the active bishopric by the General Conference at Topeka, Kansas, May 1905. The General Conference under the deepest regret granted his release from active service and immediately voted him the honor of Bishop Emeritus and this honor was continued to the day of his coronation.

Taken from General Conference Proceedings of 1905

The Presiding Bishop. "Now Bishop Castle has very kindly and tenderly requested the privilege to address the Conference, and I am sure we will grant the privilege to him, as it is his right to have it."

Bishop Castle. "I rise to this question of privilege at this early moment because I want to free the Conference, if it may be so, from any embarrassment whatever in the work that it has in hand."

Bishop Castle's Request for Retirement from the Duties of Bishop.

"To the General Conference.

Dear and Honored Brethren:

It is with profound gratitude to God that I accept the privilege of addressing another personal word to you as a Conference ere you cast

the ballot for the representatives and leaders in the general work of the Church for another quadrennium. Four years ago you allowed me a personal word, which favor I greatly appreciated. I thought then I would not be in another General Conference. The shadowy form that walked near me four years ago has not changed, only to walk still nearer.

“Looking up the records recently of some important events, to me, in my life, I find that it will soon be fifty years since I was converted and joined the United Brethren Church. It is now nearly forty-nine years since I was granted my first license by the quarterly conference. The coming September it will be forty-seven years since I united with St. Joseph Annual Conference, which relationship I am still permitted to retain. Aside from the things named, my life has never been what may be called eventful. My first annual conference license was signed by Bishop Lewis Davis, and my ordination by Bishop Markwood. My first circuit was in northern Indiana, consisting of twenty-four appointments, which I filled every four weeks, receiving a salary of \$62. The year I set up housekeeping I received \$160. You see I began under the old regime, when circuits were circuits, and salary was a quarterage. Scarcely any preacher shunned circuit work in those days. Indeed we were glad to get any kind of work, however poor. We did not have much to give, and we did not expect much in return. The times were not exacting.

“The people were plain, living very simple lives. They were generally satisfied with the preacher

sent to them. Preaching then with us was very largely in schoolhouses and private dwellings. Great meetings were often held in barns.

“But things have changed; in charity and candor, it must be said, changed for the better. Today we have the church-house, the manse, the college and the seminary. These mean much to the ministry, the church. The average minister of thirty and forty years ago would not do for this day. Men are ‘running to and fro, and knowledge is increasing.’ New ways and new thoughts characterize the times. New work and new methods obtain, and there must be new brains and new hands to think these thoughts and do this work. The older must give place to the newer and younger. The one can be warmly and happily pushed a little aside by the behest of the years to make way for the other with younger and quicker hands. All that is good of the old must be clung to, but most generous welcome must be given to the new. Everything is growing newer and brighter. As individuals and as a Church we must face and head that way. We cannot fight the inevitable. We must accept the verdict of the years. To be true to my convictions and sense of propriety I must again renew my request of four years ago, that I be left without official responsibility, and that some younger, more vigorous, and efficient man be elected in my stead.

“I am facing what comes to all persons in official position sooner or later, the matter of retiring from active life. I think I ought not, for the Church’s

good, to longer bear the responsibilities of an effective bishop. I grant the seriousness of the decision, but I admit its righteousness.

"I think one of the most painful things I have ever had to do as a bishop was to be a party to relegate old men to retirement, especially when without means of support; one hour having something of a warm and happy position, the next hour turned upon roads and ways of uncertainty and destitution. There are men in this General Conference that have a growing feeling of what I mean. I think the saddest face I ever looked into was of a friend of mine that had come to this place. The remark made at the time was one I shall never forget, 'Brethren, you turn me out without money enough in my pocket to buy my supper.' You know the supper is the last meal. It seemed almost literally true in this case. He soon passed into the beyond. He was a number of times in the General Conference.

"In the last four years I have faced a condition of want, sacrifice, and heroism, upon the part of others that has made me thoughtful, thankful, and solicitous; thoughtful as to how the Church can provide a better support, thankful for men of such loyalty to their calling, solicitous as to the evening time of these servants. Many an old man stands in the growing and deepening shadows of this oncoming night with deep emotion. He cannot help the bitterness of the hour. The hour is dark and the winds are wild. This remark is not to be construed as at all personal, but I do ask that the Church

more and more provide for the maintenance and comfort of its superannuated ministers and their families. Ministers are the most generous class of men the church has. Out of and in proportion to what they have, they give largely. To avoid the temptation to regret this when days of dependence come, let the Church provide, in all cases of worthy dependence, a generous living for this evening hour.

"Being quite well on towards the seventy-year line, I think I am prepared for Professor Osler's treatment of old men—official chloroforming.

"On taking leave of this high office, I want to express my high appreciation of my associates in office, and my gratitude to the Church for its forbearance, kindness, and support, through all these years of my official career.

"I can say in this review that I have loved my brethren and my work very fervently. The office of a bishop puts one into a very tender and delicate relationship with his fellow-men. I have tried to be free from bias, partisan friendship, jealousy, and antipathy in my official work. I have tried to be a brother, and to appreciate the meritorious in everyone that I have had association with. I have tried not to be a partisan in my administration. I believe I can retire with the personal consciousness of having no bitterness toward any, and no rival in any minister in the Church. That I have not been perfect, and that many mistakes darken the past, I am painfully conscious. But, whatever it is, the record is made. I leave it with Him whose mercy and blessing I have shared so largely through

all my life. I am sure you will not blame me for the manifest seriousness of this moment. I leave the field of effort and activity feeling glad and thankful for what it has been to me. Keep me in your prayers when you pray. I go to my home.

Your brother,

N. Castle."

Topeka, Kansas, May 13, 1905.

Bishop Mathew's Responsive Words upon the Retirement of Bishop Castle.

Bishop Mathews. "This is an important moment, not only in the life of our Church, but in the proceedings of this magnificent General Conference.

"This paper, of course, bears the characteristics of our beloved bishop, and has the fragrance of a message from him. It requires a great mind to speak great words, a beautiful mind to speak beautiful words, a pure mind to utter such purity of sentiment, a generous mind to speak generous words. We have before us an illustration of a great man, a beautiful man, a pure man, a magnanimous man, one who stands distinctly and peculiarly for spiritual Christianity, Scriptural uprightness, personal purity, as well as civic righteousness, a man who is enshrined in the hearts of the men and women and children of our whole denomination.

"Twenty-five years ago it was my delight and privilege to come into personal contact with this noble man of God. My heart was uplifted, my life was surcharged with the love of Jesus Christ in his own life, and in his own ministry, and I find myself presiding here for the first time this morning,

and now this time has been chosen for the speaking of these touching words by our dear brother, the senior bishop. I said to myself the other day, when he favored this conference with such a magnificent address, looking forward to the future, marking out the path for us, for greater things, and then also when he gave us such a beautiful illustration of a presiding officer in the evening services, showing wit and eloquence and tact and good sense and courtesy, I said to myself, as also I said to the one that is dearest to me on earth, 'I would be one of a thousand in the Church to step aside and do nothing, rather than to retire such a man as he; with the crown of youth upon his brow, with the charm of God's conscious presence in his own heart, with the seal of approval upon him, not only for twenty-five, thirty, or fifty years, but at this very moment; and so it is not surprising that I am touched to the very depth of my soul.' I think I can read it in your own countenances, every one, not only the delegates, but the visitors here. Certainly this supreme moment is a moment that calls for the benediction and descent of the Holy Spirit, the cementing of our hearts together as never before. I feel, under the intense inspiration of the Holy Spirit, like placing the crown of approbation, the crown of affection, and the crown of confidence upon this spiritual leader and man of God. Words only dissipate what I am craving for at this time.

"Shall we not linger at this moment and have a few prayers? I shall ask Brother Neff of the Oregon Conference, Brother Hough of Allegheny

Conference, Brother Chambers of Neosho Conference, and Brother Fries of Sandusky Conference, to lead us in prayer, in the order I have named. Now let us pause before the throne of God. It will help us in our business if the Pentecostal Spirit shall come down upon our hearts. Shall we pray at this moment." (The prayers were delivered by the brethren in the order named).

Bishop Castle. "Will you suffer this word at this moment? There is not a tinge of personal gloom in this matter, and what I ask is that you do not have any demonstration. Let there be nothing unusual—just treat me in the quiet way you have. Let your tears be dried. Spend your time in doing the work, not upon me. I feel that I am, in a sense like Paul, when he said, 'What mean ye to weep and break my heart?' Let us be cheerful." (Great applause).

The Presiding Bishop. "I wish we could do what he suggests, but we cannot."

Rev. J. W. Willis, of Southeast Ohio Conference, began to sing, "Blest be the tie that binds," and Conference very tenderly joined.

The Presiding Bishop. "There are four ministers of the St. Joseph Conference here, Rev. C. S. Parker, Rev. A. M. Cummins, Rev. Ray Upson and Rev. E. H. Pontius, who have formed what is called the Arion Quartet, and I am sure you will be glad to have them sing at this moment whatever they may want to sing."

The Arion Quartet then sang "Upon life's boundless ocean, where mighty billows roll."

Bishop Castle (at close of song) "I want to say Hallelujah!"

The Arion Quartet followed with another song "Oh, listen to our wondrous story." (Great applause).



Castle Memorial Church, Elkhart, Indiana

CHAPTER XVII.

Sunset and Beyond

After Bishop Castle was retired and given the Emeritus relation he continued to manifest in a mellowing maturity the holy passion of his life. Not long before his crowning and as a final expression of his wish to tell of Jesus he made a few motor car trips in which he was able to minister to small groups. The impression made was lasting and deep for he carried the hush of eternity and the love of an exile nearing home. Before he had become too weak he often expressed the wish to me that he could go about for Jesus giving council and encouragement to the children of God and urge them to perfect love and full devotion. His last message to the General Conference proved to be the one that he sent for the session at Indianapolis, Indiana, and the sunset tints are in it everywhere. Following is the message as he wrote it and as it was read to the General Conference:

“Dear Bishops, and Members of the General Conference: Beloved brethren in the Lord, I hereby send my most sincere and heartfelt greetings to you in this the twenty-eighth quadrennial session of the General Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ.

“Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. I thank my God always on your behalf, for the grace of God

which is given you by Jesus Christ; that in everything ye are enriched by him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge; even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you; so that ye come behind in no gift.

“Words do not serve me to express the joy that I would have if I were permitted to join you once more in a General Conference, and share in that divine fellowship that must be yours on such an eventful occasion. It seems a very marvel to me that forty-four years have rolled away since I was elected to this highest official relation in the gift of the Church. Brother D. K. Flickinger, then missionary secretary, as I recall, remarked to some brethren when I joined the Saint Joseph conference, some over sixty years ago, that I would not live a year. But I am still living. Where are the aged Bishops that were serving when I was elected, and a number of hale and vigorous men that were elected to this office since I was? ‘Gone to the summerland of song, where the flowers never fade, and where the fellowship never ends.’

“I owe much to the Church that, through grace, has made me what I am. Through it I was called and assigned to my work. I accepted and tried to do my best, though often timid and afraid. When assigned to the East district, I told Bishop Weaver that I did not feel that I could go; that, as it was one of the oldest and most cultured portions of our Church, I could not meet the demands made of its Bishops. He gave me the assurance that I would receive a most hearty and cordial greeting, and would

feel myself perfectly at home among them. It was thus that I found it. But for this charity and sustaining sympathy that I met throughout the Church, I certainly would have failed. Then, the sustentation that the Church has braced me with since my emeritus relation is wholly beyond my power of compensation. I must leave this to be 'recompensed at the resurrection of the just.' I am sure that 'the Judge of all the earth will do right.'

"My brethren in the ministry: Stay by your calling. There is nothing like it. Anterior to the establishment of preaching, we find Grecian and Roman eloquence in the highest state of cultivation. Their tribunes, forums, senates, and academies resounded with the outbursts of their orators. But where are they today? Let the lapse of ages tell! Time's rattling chariot wheels have been driven over thousands of beauteous forms, and man's proudest monuments have crumbled into ruin since the days of the 'Man of Sorrows.' But the Christian's temple continues to rise in grand and majestic proportions. The gospel's mission is world-wide, and millions of hearts are made to rejoice.

"The true minister must be spiritual. An unspiritual preacher is a Christless preacher. 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.' It is the heart-language that melts and moves. When a man opens his heart, you may readily know what is in him, 'for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' The head may become too large for the heart.

"Now dear brethren, I hope you will not think that I am trying to deliver an address to you; for I am not. I am saying things that came into my heart years ago and that have stayed with me through the years. I am now like one sitting on the shore of a wide and rimless sea watching the king of day as he descends the western slope in his chariot of light, whose wheels are already dipping their golden rims in its impassioned waters; and am watching the crimson flushes of evening as they gather around the closing scenes of life's eventful day. The birds are singing their farewell notes to the dying day, ere they fold their weary wings for rest in some sequestered glen. The sound of the whirring wheels of life's busy day is slowly dying away on the evening air, and the weary-winged winds seem to drop their moanings and fold their airy arms to rest, while night rides forth in its ebony car to stretch her blackened curtains over the quiet waters, leaving the leaden-winged goddess of night to sit alone upon her throne of shadows. Oh! What is more beautiful than the sight of a setting sun in a cloudless day!

"I am now reaching that night whose mystic shadows are stretching across the silent waters of that river, at the edge of which murmuring voices say, 'Good night.' But even here it is not all shadow. The stars are lighting up these distant fields of space through which they travel, thereby disclosing, as beacon lights on a distant coast, other worlds of surprising beauty. Even night has its uses. To the Christian, the star of hope is ever

shining. 'At evening time it shall be light.' If there were no setting sun here, what would we know of other and better worlds? Night is an instructor. When the map of this world is rolled up and laid away, then the map of other worlds is being unrolled for our vision. I am trying to keep the telescope of faith always in hand so that, looking through its lens, I may discover those distant world-fields of glory that are ever nearing as I am gazing upward. I feel that I am nearing home. The city is already in view, and I want to keep my courage as I go down on the side of the hill which slopes to the last river that I will have to cross. The winds are chilling, the shadows are creeping, the dew is falling, and I know that the night is nearing. I want to have my work all done when the night comes. I do not want to tarry; for the night may be here before I get my work finished. I want to do my work today, for I may be gone tomorrow. I want to say as Jesus said: 'Father, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.' What a glorious way in which to close life's mission! Work all done and home at last.

"About all that I can do now is to read the Book of all books, and pray. My praying now is church, nation, and world-wide. Give me no credit for this; but pray for me.

"Without doubt, this is my final greeting to you as a Conference. While poorly prepared, I can truthfully say that it is born out of my heart. I will follow you daily as you go forward in the most important work that ever has been assigned to a

General Conference of this Church. Only infinite wisdom and abounding grace can carry you through to a successful ending. May the Holy Spirit set the Church on fire with the spirit of true evangelism, and may it begin in this session of the General Conference.

"Please sing, 'Rock of Ages.' I would like my tombstone to carry this testimony:

'In my hands no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

"Yours in faith and hope.—N. Castle, Bishop Emeritus, Philomath, Oregon, May 8, 1921."

As age and advancing infirmity did their work the Bishop's passion for service to his fellows took the method of tract and good literature distribution. He gave away many books and wrote as many personal letters as his strength would allow. As the spring of 1922 came on it became evident that the Bishop's life was drawing to a close. He had frequent periods of weakness and toward the last, of occasional coma, that betokened the end. A few days before his death he was asked if he expected to be better to which he replied, "I neither expect nor wish to get better." In one of his attacks of weakness he said, "My body has ceased to be a suitable house in which to live and serve. If it were in the divine order, I could wish I had a better house for Him. As it is I shall depart and be with Christ which is far better."

Readiness for death had been, with the Bishop, a matter of years of thought and prayer. As it drew near he was unafraid and triumphant. His

victory was finally shared by his entire family in the face of the natural sorrow which parting brings. The children came to feel that natural affection could be superseded when need be, by deep satisfaction in the fact, that a noble father was meeting death as only a Christian can meet it, in a triumph which has value above all estimate. The peace of soul that rested on the fading life finally shed light on all around and all was well. Death came on Tuesday, April 18, 1922, and the funeral was held in the College Chapel on Saturday, April 22. It was fitting that the last tribute should be paid in the College Chapel of the Institution which as no other man the Bishop had promoted during his life time. Philomath, Oregon, and Philomath College, will for all future time, be associated with the name of this eminent servant of Christ and the Church. The funeral service was reported to the Religious Telescope in these words:

The day was beautiful and fitting for the last sad rites for such a beautiful character. The body lay in state in the Philomath College chapel from twelve until two o'clock. Many friends came quietly, and reverently took a last look at the cold form of him whom they had known and loved so well.

The church choir rendered the music, singing "Abide With Me," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "In that City," the last chosen by the Bishop himself to be sung on this occasion.

Rev. J. D. Nisewonder, college pastor, had charge of the service and read the telegrams of sympathy from the Dayton headquarters, Bishop Bell, and

Bishop Weekley. Bishop W. H. Washinger read the Scripture extracts from suitable passages, and Superintendent G. E. MacDonald led in prayer.

President L. L. Epley read a message written by Bishop Castle for his home church and congregation. For real Christian love and earnest yearning for the salvation of his neighbors and friends, this hardly could be surpassed.

Rev. Francis Fisher, who was associated with Bishop Castle in St. Joseph conference over fifty years ago as a neighboring pastor, and who has kept up this intimacy through the long years, read the obituary and feelingly added words of appreciation of the man, the preacher, and the Christian.

The sermon was delivered by Bishop W. H. Washinger, using as a text, Hebrews 11:4, "And he being dead, yet speaketh." He referred to the power and eternity of the influence of good, and also to the fact that the influence of evil is as far-reaching and eternal. He emphasized the importance of living the life that speaks, though the speaker is not present. He closed with words of personal appreciation and of comfort to the bereaved family.

Many beautiful floral tributes were on and around the casket, and the whole community feels the loss of this great and good man. His body rests in the family plot of the beautiful cemetery at Philomath.

With his accustomed thoughtfulness the Bishop prepared a final message to be read at his funeral and we give it place here.

"I am now speaking to you through the lips of another, a friend of mine, as my own lips are now cold, stiff, and silent. They have often released messages to you and to the fathers and mothers of some of you, in the days now forever gone by; but this they will never do again. Physically, I have joined the inhabitants of that 'silent city' where you all have kindred. It is a city of perfect order. No police or sentry patrol its streets, no courts are ever convened, no jurors ever meet, no false gains are ever massed, no luring vices ever smile and whisper in its halls, no tongue of evil is ever heard in its secluded rooms; to that city you carry my mortal body today.

"This is the largest city in the world. If all the cities on earth were combined into one, it would not in any sense be comparable with this city. It is called the 'silent city,' and to it I gladly go. Jesus went to that city, and forever hallowed it for the children of his Father. He went there, not only to hallow it, but also to open a gateway for all its inhabitants to come out of it when the call comes.

"This is the city of the dead; but there is another city, the city of life, and those who enter that city never die. Death never enters there; its inhabitants never say they are sick. Into that city I have been permitted to enter by faith in Jesus Christ. I have never had any personal plea why I should be so honored. The poet expresses my life long attitude:

‘In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.’

I have no other plea than what Jesus has done for me and what he has been to me. Humanly, I have never reached the summit of the faultless. Had I, I certainly would have been a very lonely one in your midst. Who of you can lay his hand on his breast and say, ‘I am faultless’? Would not the very statement itself negative the character assumed?

“There was never but one faultless one that ever lived in this world, and that one was Jesus. Guile was never found in his mouth. I have chosen him as my advocate, and have put my case in his hands in the final court of assize. Whatever my life has been in your midst and throughout the church, I leave it with him to take care of. This, I am glad to do as my brightest hope, as I cannot plead my own case in such a court.

“There are some words that I want to pass over my casket to you on this, the day of my burial, which I hope you will remember. While I have differed with some as to methods of business, and have not always been in accord with some religious opinions and practices that have prevailed, I have never knowingly carried enmity or ill-will in my heart toward any living mortal with whom I have ever come in contact. I die clear of any malicious feeling, whatever may have occurred during my stay on earth.

“I want to make as my final plea and give as my final question to you living ones the question:

What are you going to do with Jesus? How are you going to treat him? He is still to be dealt with. Will you put him in your character and in your life, where he by right belongs? When he was on earth in human form, he was grossly insulted and mistreated. He was classed as a bastard, a deceiver, a degenerate, even devil-possessed; all this by the religionists of his day. Did he deserve this treatment? What evil did he ever do? Read the history of his life and see, and then write it down against him. Write the history of your own life; then compare the two and give judgment.

“What good did he not do during his brief ministry on earth? What sins did he not forgive? What diseases did he not heal? What sorrows did he not relieve? To whom was he not a friend? What wrecked character sought him that was not restored? What, but sin, was he pronounced and uncompromisingly against? Did not this cost him his life? Was it not for sin that he died? ‘He tasted death for every man.’ What a bitter cup! Should he be hated and scorned for this? Should that be loved and practiced that took his life and that finally results in eternal ruin to its possessor? What but sin waged this awful war of hate and blood against Jesus? What but sin tried to get rid of him? Is not this true today? May it not be true in this congregation? If true, why? What have you against Jesus? Has he ever done you a wrong? Pilate said, ‘I find no fault in him.’ Have you? Then reprove him. Judas said, ‘I have betrayed the innocent blood.’ If you reject him and sell him for

gain or pleasure, what will your testimony be when time and eternity clash? Will you not stand with Judas? When Jesus was on the cross and all nature went into convulsions at his death, the centurion and they that were with him said, 'Truly this was the Son of God.' This will be the final testimony of all the combined generations of the world. It was the testimony of the angels of God, and of demons, that he was exercising when he was on earth. It was the testimony of God himself.

"One thing I want in closing this plain and serious message to you and that is, I want it shouted clear and strong that I believe in the virgin birth, the deity of Jesus Christ, the God-man. If he is my advocate with the Father, I want to be his witness here. I should be ashamed to be anything else than his witness.

"When God wanted to companion himself with man, come into a closer and more visible relationship with him, he robed himself in mortal flesh. He put on Jesus and lived and walked and worked in and through him as a living personality. His body was given for a divine purpose—the manifestation of 'God manifest in the flesh.'

"Here is where I anchor my faith in the deity of Jesus Christ: 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.' To me, this Word scatters all human philosophy and all ecclesiastical creeds, opposed to the deity of Jesus, to the winds. To cover his name and character with the odium of illegitimacy is a blas-

phemy that even demons did not commit; for they said, 'Thou art the Son of God.'

"I urge you all over this casket of mine, to accept this Jesus as your Savior and Lord. I urge all my kindred to do it. Do it today. Do not postpone the day; tomorrow is never the day of salvation.

"With gratitude to the church for what it has done for me, with a prayer for this community that it may come to an acceptance of Jesus as Savior, and with love inexpressible for those that I leave behind me as my kindred—a dear, beloved wife, a daughter, and two sons, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and all others related to these—I offer my final benediction: 'Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.' "

The above was reverently read at the funeral.



"In State"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Tributes from Contemporary Workers.

In connection with the passing of Bishop Castle, The Religious Telescope gave publicity to a number of tributes from those who knew him most intimately and these shall appropriately complete this biography.

BISHOP CASTLE CROWNED.

Bishop Emeritus, W. M. Weekley, Parkersburg,
West Virginia.

“For he was a good man, and full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost.” While this was said of Barnabas, Paul’s early companion, it may just as truthfully be said of our departed Bishop, Nicholas Castle. It was my privilege and great pleasure to know this devout man of God for one and forty years, who like some Alpine peak, towered above his fellows in piety, faith, and loyalty to Jesus his Lord. I first met him at the General Conference at Lisbon, Iowa, in 1881. He was then the youngest Bishop in the Church, and in his prime. I heard him preach on Sunday morning in the Reformed church, while Bishop Glossbrenner occupied our own where the General Conference was in session. He was tender and eloquent. I recall that Dr. Wm. McKee, who sat at my side, was deeply moved and wept like a child. All through the first night on our way homeward, the Bishop talked to one and another of his experience, and the glorious life he found in Jesus as a personal Savior.

Something like sixty-six years ago he was wonderfully saved at the family altar about two in the morning, and from that blessed hour forward through a long career, not a shadow of doubt as to the genuineness of his conversion ever fell athwart his pathway. He was indeed, "a bright and shining light." His was the spiritual life in its supremacy—the outflow of the Christ life. He possessed no adverse will, for his Lord did the willing; no cherished sin found a home in his heart, for Christ was in him, "the hope of glory;" there was no yielding of the members as "instruments of unrighteousness," because those members, through a whole hearted consecration, had become "holy and acceptable unto God."

Bishop Castle was no leader in the ordinary sense, and did not claim to be. He hesitated to take the initiative in great Church movements. He was preeminently a preacher of the pure Word of God; he knew the Book; he exalted Jesus; he was a soul winner; he was mighty in prayer; he kept high ideals before his people; his social nature was warm; he craved genuine Christian fellowship. He was an entertaining conversationalist. Though he had received but little training in the schools, he was, nevertheless, a learned man. His general reading had taken a wide range; his composition was next to faultless, as those who knew him best will bear witness. But few men know how to illustrate a sermon as he did, and make it glow with beauty. I have heard him at his conferences in the morning talks sweep his audiences to rapturous heights. He

knew the Word as but few did, and was a master in the use of the Spirit's sword. But, with all his gifts and high qualities, he was exceedingly humble and modest in spirit—characteristics which added to his greatness, and without which true greatness is impossible. In his private life, and in the higher public services he rendered the Church, he was absolutely guided by "What saith the Word." This, to him was the straight edge by which his whole career, private and public, was ruled. "He being dead, yet speaketh." How true! The whole Church, and vast multitudes outside, have felt the impact of Bishop Castle's influence; and that unseen power which, like the proverbial magician's wand, he exercised over men, and conferences, and vast assemblies, will continue without end.

Though our brother has gone from us, he is not dead; he has only entered upon the full fruition of his heavenly citizenship. To be sure, his body has been buried out of sight, but, after all, it was only the house in which the prince lived; only the casket in which God's jewel was concealed; only the cage in which the bird was imprisoned; at one-thirty, April 18, 1922, the door was opened, and that bird flitted out and away on immortal wing to God's everlasting summer land. He may come back to us again and again, as the Church goes struggling on, to encourage and help as his Lord may direct. He is still our beloved brother in Christ Jesus, and beyond question is yet interested in us and in the Church he so greatly loved. Good-by old comrade and coworker in the Lord! When the morning

comes, with its undimmed vision, and with quickened memories, we'll sit down together, and once more talk of what we endured and enjoyed, and of how we toiled and triumphed here through the help of grace divine.

BEAUTIFUL LIFE, GLORIOUS SUNSET

Bishop H. H. Fout, Indianapolis, Indiana.

It would be an utter impropriety for me to attempt an analysis of the qualities of our saintly and now sainted Bishop Castle. We did not analyze him while he was with us. We just loved him, admired him, trusted him, and rejoiced in him. His total impression upon us was all we could desire.

He was the saint of his colleagues in office. He gave love and confidence to them in large measure, and they returned a like regard for him. He furnished a high ideal in example of what a chief shepherd should be. I never heard an utterance from his lips, nor witnessed a deed in his social or official life, that was unworthy of the high office to which the Church had called him. He was a great personality, without the least self-consciousness. He was a true saint without a tinge of sanctimoniousness. He was a "master of assemblies" yet simple and sincere as a little child.

As I attempt to write, he appears before me in his strength and dignity as a presiding officer. His presence was benign, yet masterful; his voice musical, tender, and sympathetic. He was firm in his rulings, yet dignified and respectful to all concerned. The spirit of the man compelled the love and loyalty of a conference and gave it a deep spiritual emphasis.

But, apart from his ability and tactfulness as a presiding officer, if he had done nothing else at his conferences than to preach on Sunday morning, his messages to the preachers were of incalculable value.

He appears before me in the pulpit. He was able to command respectful attention before he uttered a word. When he spoke, the voice confirmed the impression, and it deepened as he proceeded with his sermon. One of the keys to his preaching power was his florid imagination. He was of poetical temperament. There was in him a sky-eye quality of mind that made every sermon he preached a chamber of imagery. The impression was that of one who saw things in large relations and long perspectives, as from some high watch-tower of outlook. His imagination followed the pilgrim human host along all the winding ways of its earth-journey, marking its temples and its tombs, its trials and its struggles. The scene awed him, made him tender and tensive of heart, but it also gave him that lucid and calm optimism which was one of the charms of his preaching. Who that ever heard his great sermons on Jacob, Peter, and Jonah can forget his word pictures during those luminous moments?

The sense of beauty in him was indeed the highest peak of his mind and the first to catch the glow of the dawn. He clothed the sweetest forms of heavenly truth in beautiful garments. The paths of his musings were peculiar to himself. The following is an example: "In Genesis I catch the creative music. There I feel God and hear him at his work

How wonderful is the enchantment of God. For lo! His fields are carpeted with grass; his flowers bloom and not only reveal beauty but send forth perfume; his dew-drops sparkle like gems; his lily stems are graceful; his vines are festoons; and his trees make Gothic arches in a woodland temple."

But when the Bishop is forgotten as administrator and preacher the influence of his Christian life will abide. In this respect, he appears before me in his superior greatness. By nature he was deeply, quietly, exquisitely religious. The Almighty never breathed the breath of life into a more amiable nature. He always will be remembered as one of the most Christ-like men the Church ever produced. About the man there clung odors of the gospel as about the dim mountains cling odors of the pines. He knew for himself the doctrines of grace. Jesus was at the center of it, making it both honest and vital. He prayed like a saint or a mystic. Once in awhile in prayer we were caught up in the sweep of his expression until we fairly saw things which it is not lawful to utter. No one could pray like that in public who did not do much praying in private. While his piety was both a rapture and a conviction, at the same time a sweet sadness ever was present with him. Even when the trumpets were at their loudest, he heard always the low sob of the organ, in its solemn undertone of pathos. But his religiousness was genuine, not the talent for creating an effect of mysticism which often is mistaken for spirituality.

Time dealt very gently with this child of hers before she yielded him to the eternities. To the last hour of mortal life, judging from his letters, he was quick with sympathy and vital with love. Robed in the venerable loveliness of age, stages of decay scarcely were evident; or, if seen here and there, they but increased his winsomeness.

The sunset years of his life by yonder sea have been characterized by visions akin to those of the "beloved disciple" on Patmos. Those twilight hours were made luminous by the clearing of the inner vision which comes to those who live the life of the Spirit. How beautiful his message to the General Conference written in the glow of the sunset: "I am now like one sitting on the shore of a wide and rimless sea watching the king of day as he descends the western slope in his chariot of light, whose wheels already are dipping their golden rims in its impassioned waters, and am watching the crimson flushes of evening as they gather around the closing scenes of life's eventful day. The birds are singing their farewell notes to the dying day, ere they fold their weary wings for rest in some sequestered glen. The sound of the whirring wheels of life's busy day is slowly dying away on the evening air, and the weary winged winds seem to drop their moanings and fold their airy arms to rest, while night rides forth in its ebony car to stretch her blackened curtains over the quiet waters, leaving the laden-winged goddess of night to sit alone upon her throne of shadows. Oh! what is more beautiful than the sight of a setting sun on a cloudless day?"

These words he uttered as referring to the close of his own day of life. As earth was receding, the morning of eternity was dawning, and the radiant glories beyond life's sunset were being unveiled. "At evening time it shall be light."

"How fine has the day been? How bright was the sun?

How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveler's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gray as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

"Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array."

A MAN OF SPIRITUAL ATTAINMENT

Bishop C. J. Kephart, Kansas City, Mo.

My acquaintanceship with Bishop Castle was that of an admiring friend rather than that of an intimate associate, occasioned by the fact that our fields of service were in quite widely separated sections of the Church. To me, he was an Enoch, walking with God in holy fellowship and true

spiritual communion; a tower of spiritual strength to the Church; like the peaks of the great Rockies amid which he had his home so many years, a calm, reverent signal, pointing upward to God, and heaven, and home; not standing in cold isolation, like some of these peaks, but in warm, retiring modest fellowship with those with whom he was associated in the service of the Church, and the service of his fellowmen. Believing as he did that the Christian life is a life hid with Christ in God, a life whose chief desire is to know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his suffering, he never gave evidence of being disturbed by personal ambition, but in holy, dignified reserve, he was content with the one supremely worthy inquiry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

When I was called by the Church to assume the duties that now fall to my lot to discharge, it was a source of great personal delight and inspiration to have this holy man of God lay his hand upon my head and invoke God's blessing upon my efforts in service. This delight and inspiration came largely because of my entire confidence in his moral and spiritual integrity, and because I felt that no selfish ambition or endeavor had brought stain to his life or character.

Now he has gone; his earth-life pilgrimage and task are completed. He has entered upon the larger, fuller, better life, and, though saddened by his departure, it yet is a delight to place at his feet this tribute of affection and appreciation, assured that the influence of his life and record will go down

through the coming years and generations, a benediction to the Church and to the world. Patiently he waited till his reward came as the gleam of the eternal sunlight broke in upon him from over the battlements of the city of God.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION

Bishop William H. Washinger, Portland, Oregon.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 18, at one thirty o'clock, the gentle spirit of Bishop N. Castle was translated from earth to the sphere of larger service above. His going has occasioned universal sorrow among us. Many hearts have cried, as Elisha of old, when he beheld Elijah being borne up into the opening heaven: "My father! My father! The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof," because for more than half a century he has stood as God's unfaltering prophet to our day and generation.

We would canonize no man, and, could he speak today, like the saintly, dying Carey, he would, say "I am only a sinner, saved by grace." But well may we pause to think of the rich lessons of his long and eventful life, for in some respects "we shall not look upon his like again." His life was "both a creation and a result," for God was the prime factor in it all.

Someone has said that true greatness consists in "depth of intellect and breadth of attainment, combined with greatness of heart and gentleness of spirit." Measured by that standard, few men in his generation have surpassed him, and the imprint of his life will abide when the "sun shall be burned

to ashes," and the "moon become as blood," for the effect of character is ineffaceable.

Speaking deliberately, Bishop Castle was a great as well as a good man; great in the higher life—the intellectual; great in the highest life—the spiritual. Intellectually, he was richly endowed by nature, and his natural gifts were trained and cultivated by long experience and patient study.

He was a great student of the Bible. He believed in it as the highest wisdom, as the supreme authority, as the only infallible guide in doctrine and practice. He was willing to let it speak for itself, and he accepted it as the voice of Him who had the right to speak and none could doubt or question. He believed in the Bible, in its integrity. He never garbled it. He never apologized for it. To him, whatever was written therein had the imprimatur of God, and was inviolably sacred; and he would have scorned to accommodate it to men's tastes or desires or prejudices or reasonings.

He was a great preacher. In doctrine, he was sound to the very core. He believed and preached the fundamental doctrines of the Scriptures—those great truths upon which the whole superstructure is erected. He believed in the necessity of regeneration. His own conversion was clear cut. He believed in the Holy Spirit, not as an influence or power merely, but as a living, divine personality, with a distinct office and an indispensable work in the plan of salvation. He had a passion for souls, and saw many won to the Lord Jesus Christ during his ministry.

He was great in the prayer life. He had power with God, and therefore had power with men. He was prayer-fed. He believed that prayer is the road to God, prayer is fellowship with God, and prayer is cooperation with God.

As a writer, he was great. His contributions to the Religious Telescope and to our other church periodicals, with the books he wrote, have enriched our literature. It might be said of the best productions of his pen, as has been said of Addison's writings: "To add to them would be to mar them; to take from them would be to impair their vigor."

When light, entertaining sermons are forgotten, his weighty messages will be read as classics by thoughtful people, and, like those of Bishops Weaver, Kephart, and Mills, will bless the world, for he being dead yet speaketh.

No one could question his unswerving loyalty to our denomination. For many years, with the vision of a prophet, he saw the possibilities of the Pacific district, formerly called Coast district, as a United Brethren empire, and by hearty cooperation with the Home boards sought to realize its development. He was interested in Christian education, and loyally supported Philomath College as well as all other interests in the Pacific district. Frequently he said to me: "While my physical strength will not allow me to join you in the active work, I can pray for the work and the workers, and join you in the offerings given as unto the Lord." This he did freely and cheerfully.

Great as he was in all the foregoing ways, I come now to mention his highest virtue. He loomed largest as a Christian. "He walked with God in peace and equity." His faith was grounded upon the rock of ages. His life was quiet and modest and retiring. Who can measure the fruitfulness of his life? Passing over the long years of his services—almost sixty-six as a minister, almost forty-five of which were spent as a Bishop—we glance at his closing days, when the realities and verities of his faith were greater than ever. Like Paul, when lifted into paradise, he seemed to get a vision of things too sacred to mention. Like Moses, his face did shine with the light of another world beating in upon his brow. No cloud of doubt obscured his vision. He talked of going home, and like the great apostle longed to be freed from suffering and to be with Christ, which is far better. He often said to his friends: "My work is done. I wish to be freed from suffering and to be with my Lord." With reverent imagination, I have thought of the reception which was accorded him that Tuesday afternoon when God's angel stopped his tired heart, kissed away his shortened breath, and took him up in heaven's chariot to dwell with the ransomed above. What joy there must have been in heaven at his coming, among those of the blood-washed throng who have been blessed by his ministry! But highest and best was the welcome of the Pierced Hand, and the meaningful words, "Well done."

While we extend our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Castle, who ministered so faithfully to him during

his many years of affliction, and to the children, we at the same time rejoice with them in the precious legacy he left them in the memory of his noble life.

Personally, I will miss Bishop Castle. He was my friend. He signed my annual conference license at a Pennsylvania Conference session held in our Scott Street church, Baltimore, Maryland, March 1, 1889. He presided at another session of Pennsylvania annual conference in 1893, which was entertained by our Otterbein congregation, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, of which I was pastor, and was our guest during the sittings of the conference. During my pastorate in Chambersburg, he preached on a Sunday morning and evening in August of 1899, to the edification of all our people. At a reception held in our First church, Portland, soon after our arrival, October, 1917, to take up our work in the Pacific district, one of the warmest and kindest greetings came from Bishop Castle in a letter which I prize most highly. In a letter from him dated August 5, 1920, he said: "My days are evidently few. As our Bishop of the Pacific district, I want you to say the parting words over my casket and the grave, if the nearing event occurs while you are available."

In life we loved him, in death we cherish his memory, and in eternity we shall love him still. Live on, thou blessed, imperial soul, until we shall greet thee on the other side, when day dawns and the shadows fall away.

BISHOP CASTLE'S RECORD

Bishop A. R. Clippinger, Dayton, Ohio.

With the passing out and up of Brother Castle, earth is a little poorer, and heaven a little richer and more attractive. It was not my good fortune to know this sainted character personally. When yet a small boy, I remember seeing him at Mt. Zion camp meeting in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. He was then advanced in years, and I a lad not yet in my teens. Little did I think that at some future time I should be associated with this long-bearded, prophet-like man of God, in the college of Bishops. To the best of my knowledge, our paths never crossed from that day to this. All that I know of him is through his writings and through individuals who were intimately acquainted with him. He is one of the few men against whom I never heard one word of adverse criticism. His many friends always spoke of him in terms of love and profound respect, telling stories of his noble life and amiable character. His charming ways and sweet disposition caused him to be loved and honored by all who knew him. I often wished that I might see him again and listen to his gentle words as they came from his lips like the dews of heaven.

As this prophet of God approached the end of life, like the rays of the evening sun fade into soft and beautiful tints of rainbow colors, so he, I am told, became more beautiful, more gentle, more tender. As he fades from our sight in the gloom of death, there follows a trail of light which will increase in brightness with the oncoming years.

His beautiful, tender words, and noble character, are a benediction to those who are younger in years, and especially to those of us who are called upon to follow in his footsteps. I most sincerely hope that, as I approach old age and the end of life, my latter end may be like his.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

Dr. M. R. Drury, Ponce, Porto Rico.

All who have had the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with Bishop Castle during the forty-five years of his career in the episcopal office will have dear and cherished recollections of him. He was a man to be remembered, to be loved, to be honored.

My personal recollections of him date from the time of his first election as Bishop, at the General Conference held in Westfield, Illinois, 1877. It was there that the one preeminently distinguishing quality of his character and life came distinctly into the foreground. That was his genuine humility, an attribute always essential to any really great and useful life.

With all the natural and acquired gifts of mind and heart, with his well developed powers as a thinker, writer, preacher, executive, officer and administrator in Church leadership, he never got away from the humble estimate he placed on his own abilities in the days of his early ministry. This crowning virtue also was a striking feature in his spiritual life and personal religious experience. In his earnest advocacy of the exalted life, so real and

blessed to himself, he never was censorious or boastful. His teaching as to this Bible doctrine of holy and joyous living was consistent, beautiful, and winning.

In a variety of relations and associations with Bishop Castle, through many years, I came to appreciate his friendship and counsel more and more. While ever modest and retiring in disposition, there was always a warmth and cordiality about his fellowship most fascinating. As a correspondent of *The Telescope*, I had opportunities of knowing him well as a writer. His manuscript uniformly was well prepared. In all his writing there was a ground-tone of high purpose and becoming dignity, features appealing to thoughtful readers. Even if he may have seemed to take things over-seriously at times, he was never indifferent to wholesome ideals, not would he indulge in sentiments trivial or flippant which reduce ones writings to the low level of the common place. He held to a high standard of thought and composition, which is the delight of editors, printers, and thoughtful readers alike.

When I was pastor of the mission church of our denomination in Oakland, California, some years ago, Bishop Castle was an esteemed and welcome visitor in the manse there on different occasions. He was deeply interested in the solution of the perplexing home mission problems with which we were confronted. His sympathy and encouraging counsel in the struggle that was involved found cheerful and practical expression in generous support.

For three years, a little later, I was near neighbor of the Bishop and his family in Philomath. They had a beautiful home at the edge of a wooded eminence overlooking the town, affording delightful views of distant mountain peaks. While my home was near the Bishop's, it was nearly at the foot of the hill, so that from my dooryard I would always look up to him, and from his dooryard he would always look down on me. There was no other way for either of us to look. When he was able to be about, he would pass my door nearly every day, in his morning walks, or when going to the post office, the church, and the college. Memories of those happy years are even more dear to me than ever before, as I think I never again in this life shall look into his benign face, and receive the benediction of his saintly greetings.

But in this record I should be wantonly ungrateful if my recollections of this noble man did not include some reference to his deep interest in Christian education, and especially Philomath College, that so long had his glad fostering support. If any school in our denomination can be said to have had its essential endowment in its loyal friends, that college is Philomath, located in a beautiful valley near the Coast range of mountains in picturesque Oregon. Scenic location and surroundings, however, are not enough to make a college, especially in these modern days. Its patronizing constituency is small and scattered, even though the cooperating territory includes all the Coast conferences. Its financial resources have been limited. What it has

lacked in endowment and equipment, has been made up largely from year to year, in gifts from a comparatively small number of interested friends, and by the self-sacrificing devotion of its faculty of instructors. During my connection with the institution, with Bishop Castle leading, and others of like spirit cooperating, an income was secured to keep the school running. Its friends were its endowment. Without them, it must long ago have failed. How fortunate it is for any community to have such a leader in it! How much institutions that are the cornerstone of good society are indebted to men of vision and consecration for their growth and usefulness!

One summer I spent a brief vacation with Bishop Castle and family in their cottage at Newport, a delightful Pacific Coast resort, and where, after his long tours and incessant labors, this happy toiler in the service and kingdom of God, sought and found rest and recuperation. Beginning with a frail body, we must conclude that his long life, heroic endurance, and wide influence are the legitimate fruitage of that singleness of purpose, that ever dominated him, to live daily in the will and love of God.

Among other recollections I recall Bishop Castle's habit of kindly and helpful ministry to the poor, the sick, the gift of books to those he thought would appreciate them and be profited thereby, all given without glamor or ostentation. The custom he had of sending greetings and characteristic salutations to friends at times had in it an expression

of genuineness of fellow feeling, and sincere thoughtfulness, that was all the more charming because prompted by love. Courtesy with him was not a matter of convention or form. He himself was the very soul of courteous acts. Many things which most persons would regard too trifling to deserve consideration he glorified by the touch of his unique personality. His marvelous love for people, men and women, little children, in every role of society gave currency to his every purpose and action in life. In his study, in his home, facing the tasks of the Church, the needs of a sick and bewildered world, he ever had a definite object before him, which was to fulfill his high calling of God in the Spirit of his Master, whom it was his delight to follow.

Not very long ago I received a beautiful illuminated folder on the front page of which was a cordial holiday greeting, below which was inscribed the name of this friend of many years. On the inside page written with ink in the characteristically legible hand of Bishop Castle, were these lines:

“The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
But the light of the whole world dies,
With the setting sun.

“The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
But the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done.”

"The memory of the righteous is blessed." To change one word in another proverb without doing violence to the spirit of it, we have, "The memory of the righteous is as the dawning light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

BROTHER BELOVED

Rev. D. J. Ferguson, Muscatine, Iowa.

I have just received a telegram telling me that Bishop Castle went home the afternoon of April 18. I had the pleasure of almost daily talks with him during 1919-1921. I consider that a man's character and Christianity may be fairly gauged by his attitude toward those in the same task to which he gave his life, and more especially if he be out of the fight. How refreshing and how seldom to hear one say, "He must increase; I must decrease."

I was pastor at Philomath College at a time when I could number twelve preachers in the church, most of them retired. Let me pay tribute to the generous and helpful souls who made victory possible with their glad shout of "Carry on" even as they were falling from the ranks.

The difference in temperament between the Bishop and myself was more than that of age and youth. We were as distinct as the dewdrop and dynamite, and because of this I wish to say a few words about him and pay my little tribute.

At a time when his age, position, and influence in the town were such as to give him a final voice in the local church and its affairs, even against the opinion of any pastor, he never once used it in any way. How many such retired men do we have?

His generosity, too, was good to see. In the local church as well as the general, he was a fine example to any member. I have seen him give when others worth ten times his wealth would withhold.

His wide information and experience always were a source of help. He was very clear in his belief and, all things considered, kept well abreast of the times in his thinking. I could not follow him in everything, but he reminded me that the apostles were different from one another.

He was possessed of a passion for souls, and always prayed for what others considered lost souls. To the very last, he wanted to see men possess themselves of Christ.

By some curious act of Providence, a little book, "The Exalted Life," strayed into a library in England, and through it I made the acquaintance of Bishop Castle. All literature is autobiography.

It was in the realm of the spiritual that he was unusual, almost great. No one could be in his life long without feeling this. One felt happy to be remembered in his prayers. His love for his Savior was beautiful to see. He tried to live "the exalted life," and put the standard very high, even unto Christ, that He might dwell within. I never heard him claim perfection or sinlessness for himself.

Much have I seen of this world's life in all its phases. I have seen naked souls when the falsehood had shriveled away—both on the angry deep and

at the mouth of the gun—but never yet have I seen
one more ready or prepared to go before

“Those pure eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging Jehovah,”
than Bishop Nicholas Castle. Christ receive him.

“For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.”

And now my service of love is nearly done. The character of this volume represents a bent of my soul that came to be as I lifted from the table and desk of my great friend the many manuscripts that his brain and hand had formed. I found so much that was rich and tender, and edifying, that I knew would lie buried, unless I brought it out in this biography. Led by a very insistent conviction I decided that this volume should be, as largely as possible, a setting forth of my life long example, for, such distinguishing qualities as were demonstrated by Bishop Castle, may well be perpetuated as nearly as may be, by symbols of his personality. I think of Bishop Castle as the most dispassionate, and unselfish man that I have ever known. All in all we who knew him intimately may well conclude that we shall not find his peer in any other of our contemporaries. His humble life was a highway of light and love. Personally I shall carry a deep grief until reunion with this saintly man in the other world. Life is much more difficult in the world with him away. Until since his going I could see him or communicate with him as became necessary

and advisable. Now if I go to his home on the hill he does not meet me at the door. It is useless to address him as of yore for the old address has been changed. These days in studying his manuscripts have become forever sacred. Much more that exemplifies his tireless work remains unpublished. With care, another volume could be produced from what goes back to his library unused. With what rapture he used these studies, as the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, in many, many, pulpits across the continent. As I have prepared the manuscript for this book all with my own hands, and quite alone, there have been times when he appeared to be at my side and looking down upon me with the old flash of love and kindliness. Dear child of God, great preacher of Him, angel of mercy to the poor, comforter of the sorrowing, please come to the gate when your friends are passing in for we shall be looking for Jesus and you. Farewell until the morning.



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